MACBETH,
A
TRAGEDY:
With all the
ALTERATIONS,
AMENDMENTS,
ADDITIONS,
AND
NEW SONGS.

As it is now Acted at the Theatre Royal.

LONDON,

Printed for *H. Herringman*, and *R. Bentley*, and are to be sold by *Thomas Chapman* at the *Chyrurgeons Arms* over against the *Mewse* near *Charing-Cross*. 1687.

Shakespeare, Wm.
PR 2823
.A2 I2
Rare bk
room

$20.00
calf over marbled boards.

Eng.

The Argument.

DUncan, *King of the* Scots, *had two principal men, whom he imployed in all matters of importance,* Macbeth *and* Banquo, *these two travelling together thro' a Foreſt, were met by three Fayry Witches (Weirds the* Scots *call them) whereof the firſt making obeyſance unto* Macbeth, *ſaluted him,* Thane (*a Title unto which that of* Earl *afterwards ſucceeded*) *of* Glamis, *the ſecond* Thane *of* Cawdor, *and the third King of* Scotland: *Thus is unequal dealing, ſaith* Banquo, *to give my Friend all the Honours and none unto me: To which one of the Weirds made anſwer, That he indeed ſhould not be a King, but out of his Loins ſhould come a Race of Kings that ſhould for ever rule the* Scots. *And having thus ſaid, they all ſuddenly vaniſhed. Upon their Arrival to the Court,* Macbeth *was immediately created* Thane *of* Glamis; *and not long after, ſome new Service of his requiring new Recompence, he was honoured with Title of* Thane *of* Cawdor. *Seeing then how happily the Prediction of the three Weirds fell out in the former, he reſolved not to be wanting to himſelf in fulfilling the third; and therefore firſt he killed the King, and after by reaſon of his Command among the Soldiers and Common People, he ſucceeded in his Throne. Being ſcarce warm in his Seat, he called to mind the Prediction given to his Companion* Banquo: *Whom hereupon ſuſpecting as his Supplanter, he cauſed to be killed, together with his Poſterity:* Flean *one of his Sons eſcaped only with no ſmall difficulty into* Wales. *Freed as he thought from all fear of* Banquo *and his Iſſue, he built* Dunſinan *Caſtle, and made it his ordinary Seat: And afterwards on ſome new Fears, conſulted with certain of his Wizards about his future eſtate, was told by one of them that he ſhould never be overcome, till* Birnam *Wood (being ſome miles diſtant) came to* Dunſinan *Caſtle; and by another that he ſhould never be ſlain by any Man which was born of a Woman. Secure then as he thought from all future dangers, he omitted no kind of Libidinous Cruelty for the ſpace of* 18 *Years, for ſo long he tyrannized over* Scotland. *But having then made up the meaſure of his Iniquities,* Macduff *the Governour of* Fife *aſſociating to himſelf ſome few Patriots (and being aſſiſted with ten thouſand* Engliſh) *equally hated by the Tyrant, and abhorring the Tyranny, met in* Birnam *Wood, and taking every one of them a Bough in his hand (the better to keep them from diſcovery:) marching early in the morning towards* Dunſinan *Caſtle, which they took by Scalado;* Macbeth *eſcaping was purſued by* Macduff, *who having overtaken him, urged him to the Combat, to whom the Tyrant half in ſcorn returned this anſwer: That he did in vain attempt to kill him, it being his Deſtiny never to be ſlain by any that was born of Woman. Now then, ſaid* Macduff, *is thy fatal end drawing faſt upon thee, for I was never born of Woman, but violently cut out of my Mothers Belly: Which words ſo daunted the cruel Tyrant, though otherwiſe a valiant Man and of great Performances, that he was very eaſily ſlain; and* Malcolm Conmer, *the true Heir, ſeated in his Throne.*

The Persons Names.

King of Scotland,	*Mr.* Lee.
Malcolm *his Son, Prince of* Cumberland,	*Mr.* Norris.
Donalbain,	*Mr.* Cademan.
Lenox,	*Mr.* Medbourn.
Rosſ,	
Angus,	
Macbeth,	*Mr.* Batterton.
Banquo,	*Mr.* Smith.
Macduff,	*Mr.* Harris.
Monteth,	
Cathnes,	
Seymor *and his Son*,	
Seyton,	
Doctor,	
Flean *Son to* Banquo,	
Porter, Old Man, two Murderers,	
Macbeth's *Wife*,	*Mrs.* Batterton.
Macduff's *Wife*,	*Mrs.* Long.
Her Son,	
Waiting Gentlewoman,	
Ghoſt of Banquo,	*Mr.* Sanford.
Hecate,	
Three Witches,	
Servants and Attendants.	

ACT I. SCENE I.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When ſhall we three meet again,
In Thunder, Lightning, and in Rain?
2. When the Hurly-burly's done,
When the Battle's loſt and won.
3. And that will be e're ſet of Sun.
1. Where's the place?
2. Upon the Heath.
3. There we reſolve to meet *Macbeth*... [*A ſhriek like an Owl.*
1. I come Gray *Malkin.*
All. Paddock calls!
To us fair Weather's foul, and foul is fair!
Come hover through the foggy, filthy Air.... [*Ex. flying.*

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain *and* Lenox, *with Attendants, meeting* Seyton *wounded.*

King. What aged man is that? if we may gueſs
His Meſſage by his looks, he can relate the
Iſſue of the Battle!
Malc. This is the Valiant *Seyton*;
Who like a good and hardy Souldier fought
To ſave my liberty. Hail, Worthy Friend,
Inform the King in what condition you
Did leave the Battle?
Seyton. It was doubtful;
As two ſpent ſwimmers, who together cling
And choak their Art: the mercileſs *Macdonald*
(Worthy to be a Rebel, to which end
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Swarm'd thick upon him) from the Weſtern Iſles

With

With Kernes and Gallow-glaſſes was ſupply'd.
Whom Fortune with her Smiles oblig'd a while;
But brave *Macbeth* (who well deſerves that Name)
Did with his Frowns put all her Smiles to flight:
And cut his paſſage to the Rebel's Perſon:
Then having Conquer'd him with ſingle Force,
He fixt his Head upon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Couſin! Worthy Gentleman!

Seyton. But then this Day-break of our Victory
Serv'd but to light us into other Dangers
That ſpring from whence our hopes did ſeem to riſe;
Produc'd our Hazard: for no ſooner had
The Juſtice of your Cauſe, Sir, (arm'd with Valour,)
Compell'd theſe nimble Kernes to truſt their Heels;
But the *Norweyan* Lord, (having expected
This opportunity) with new Supplies
Began a freſh Aſſault.

King. Diſmaid not this our Generals, *Macbeth*
And *Banquo?*

Seyton. Yes, as Sparrows Eagles, or as Hares do Lions;
As Flames are heighten'd by acceſs of Fuel,
So did their Valours gather ſtrength, by having
Freſh Foes, on whom to exerciſe their Swords:
Whoſe Thunder ſtill did drown the dying Groans
Of thoſe they ſlew, which elſe had been ſo great,
They'd frighted all the reſt into Retreat.
My Spirits faint: I would relate the Wounds
Which their Swords made; but my own ſilence me.

King. So well thy Wounds become thee as thy Words:
They're full of Honour both: Go, get him Surgeons-----

[*Ex.* Cap. *and Attendants.*

Enter Macduff.

But, who comes there?

Malc. Noble *Macduff.*

Lenox. What haſte looks through his Eyes!

Donal. So ſhould he look who comes to ſpeak things ſtrange.

Macd. Long live the King!

King. Whence com'ſt thou, worthy *Thane?*

Macd. From *Fife*, Great King; where the *Norweyan* Banners
Darkned the Air; and fann'd our People cold:

Nor-

Norway himſelf with infinite Supplies,
(Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyal *Thane*
Of *Cawdor*) long maintain'd a diſmal Conflict,
Till brave *Macbeth* oppos'd his bloudy Rage,
And check'd his haughty Spirits, after which
His Army fled: Thus ſhallow ſtreams may flow
Forward with violence a while; but when
They are oppos'd, as faſt run back agen.
In brief, the Victory was ours.

King. Great Happineſs!

Malc. And now the *Norway* King craves Compoſition.
We would not grant the Burial of his Men,
Until at *Colems-Inch* he had disburs'd
Great heaps of Treaſure to our General's uſe.

King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* ſhall deceive
Our Confidence; pronounce his preſent Death;
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth.*
He has deſerv'd it.

Macd. Sir! I'll ſee it done.

King. What he hath loſt, Noble *Macbeth* has won---- [*Exeunt.*

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter three Witches *flying.*

1. *Witch.* Where haſt thou been, Siſter?

2. Killing Swine.

3. Siſter; Where thou?

1. A Sailor's Wife had Cheſnuts in her Lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd; give me, quoth I;
Anoint thee, Witch, the Rump-fed Ronyon cry'd,
Her Husband's to the *Baltick* gone, Maſter o'th' Tygre,
But in a Sieve I'll thither ſail,
And like a Rat without a Tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I will do.

2. I'll give thee a Wind.

1. Thou art kind.

3. And I another.

1. I my ſelf have all the other.
And then from every Port they blow;
From all the Points that Sea-men know.
I will drain him dry as Hay;
Sleep ſhall neither night nor day

Hang

Hang upon his Pent-houſe Lid;
My Charms ſhall his Repoſe forbid,
Weary-ſen-nights nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, waſte, and pine.
Though his Bark cannot be loſt,
Yet ſhall be Tempeſt-toſt.
Look what I have.

2. Shew me, ſhew me----

1. Here I have a Pilot's Thumb
Wrack'd as homeward he did come! [*A Drum within.*

3. A Drum, a Drum:
Macbeth does come.

1. The weyward Siſters hand in hand,
Poſters of the Sea and Land
Thus do go about, about
Thrice to thine,

2. And thrice to mine;

3. And thrice agen to make up nine.

2. Peace, the Charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth *and* Banquo *with Attendants.*

Mach. Command; they make a Halt upon the Heath.----
So fair and foul a day I have not ſeen!

Banq. How far is't now to *Soris?* what are theſe
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their Attire?
That look not like the Earths Inhabitants,
And yet are on't? Live you? Or are you things
Crept hither from the lower World to fright
Th'Inhabitants of this? You ſeem to know me
By laying all at once your choppy Fingers
Upon your skinny Lips; you ſhou'd be Women,
And yet your Looks forbid me to interpret
So well of you.----

Mach. Speak, if you can, what are you?

1. *Witch.* All hail, *Macbeth*, Hail to thee *Thane* of *Glamis*;

2. All hail, *Macbeth*, Hail to thee *Thane* of *Cawdor.*

3. All hail, *Macbeth*, who ſhall be King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, what makes you ſtart? and ſeem to dread
Events which ſound ſo fair? I'th' Name of Truth
Are you fantaſtical? or that indeed
Which outwardly you ſhew? My noble Partner,

You

You greet with preſent Grace,
And ſtrange prediction
Of Noble Fortune, and of Royal Hope;
With which he ſeems ſurpriz'd: To me you ſpeak not.
If you can look into the ſeeds of Time,
And tell which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me; who neither beg your favour,
Nor fear your hate.----

1. Hail!
2. Hail!
3. Hail!
1. Leſſer than *Macbeth* and greater.
2. Not ſo happy, yet much happier.
3. Thou ſhalt get Kings, thou ſhalt ne're be one.

So all hail *Macbeth* and *Banquo*----

1. *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all Hail.---- [*Exeunt.*

Macbeth. Stay! you imperfect Speakers! tell me more;
By *Sinel*'s death I know I am *Thane* of *Glamis*?
But how of *Cawdor*, whilſt that *Thane* yet lives?
And, for your promiſe, that I ſhall be King,
'Tis not within the proſpect of belief,
No more than to be *Cawdor*: ſay from whence
You have this ſtrange Intelligence, or why
Upon this blaſted Heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch prophetick greeting? Speak, I charge you.
[*Witches vaniſh.*

Ha! gone!----

Banq. The Earth has Bubbles like the Water:
And theſe are ſome of them: how ſoon they are vaniſh'd!

Macb.---Th' are turn'd to Air; what ſeem'd Corporeal
Is melted into nothing; would they had ſtaid.

Banq. Were ſuch things here as we diſcours'd of now?
Or have we taſted ſome infectious Herb
That captivates our Reaſon?

Macb. Your Children ſhall be Kings.

Banq. You ſhall be King.

Macb. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too, went it not ſo?

Banq. Juſt to that very tune? who's here?

Enter Madcuff.

Macd. Macbeth the King has happily receiv'd

The news of your ſucceſs: And when he reads
Your pers'nal venture in the Rebels fight,
His wonder and his praiſes then contend
Which ſhall exceed: when he reviews your worth,
He finds you in the ſtout *Norweyan* ranks;
Not ſtarting at the Images of Death
Made by your ſelf: each Meſſenger which came,
Being loaden with the praiſes of your Valour,
Seem'd proud to ſpeak your Glories to the King;
Who for an earneſt of a greater Honour,
Bad me, from him, to call you *Thane* of *Cawdor*:
In which Addition, Hail, moſt noble *Thane*!

Banq. What, can the Devil ſpeak true?

Macb. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives!
Why do you dreſs me in his borrowed Robes?

Macd. 'Tis true, Sir; He, who was the *Thane*, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he in Juſtice is condemn'd to loſe,
Whether he was combin'd with thoſe of *Norway*,
Or did aſſiſt the Rebel privately;
Or whether he concurr'd with both, to cauſe
His Country's danger, Sir, I cannot tell:
But, Treaſons Capital, confeſs'd, and prov'd,
Have over-thrown him.

Macb. Glamis and *Thane* of *Cawdor*!
The greateſt is behind; my noble Partner!
Do you not hope your Children ſhall be Kings?
When thoſe who gave to me the *Thane* of *Cawdor*
Promis'd no leſs to them.

Banq. If all be true,
You have a Title to a Crown, as well
As to the *Thane* of *Cawdor*. It ſeems ſtrange;
But many times to win us to our harm,
The Inſtruments of darkneſs tell us truths,
And tempt us with low trifles, that they may
Betray us in the things of high concern.

Macb. Th'have told me truth as to the name of *Cawdor*, [*aſide.*
That may be Prologue to the name of King.
Leſs Titles ſhou'd the greater ſtill fore-run,
The morning Star doth uſher in the Sun.

This

This ſtrange Prediction in as ſtrange a manner
Deliver'd: neither can be good nor ill,
If ill; twould give no earneſt of ſucceſs,
Beginning in a truth: I'm *Thane* of *Cawdor*;
If good, Why am I then perplext with doubt?
My future bliſs cauſes my preſent fears,
Fortune, methinks, which rains down Honour on me,
Seems to rain Blood too: *Duncan* does appear
Clouded by my increaſing Glories: but
Theſe are but dreams.

Banq. Look how my Partner's rap'd!

Macb. If chance will have me King; Chance may beſtow
A Crown without my ſtir.

Banq. His Honours are ſurprizes, and reſemble
New Garments, which but ſeldom fit men well,
Unleſs by help of uſe.

Macb. Come, what come may;
Patience and time run through the rougheſt day.

Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*! we wait upon your leaſure.

Macb. I was reflecting upon paſt tranſactions;
Worthy *Macduff*; your pains are regiſtred
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.
Let's haſten to the King: we'll think upon
Theſe accidents at more convenient time.
When w'have maturely weigh'd them, we'll impart
Our mutual judgments to each others breaſts.

Banq. Let it be ſo.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come Friends----- [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme, Donalbaine, *Attendants.*

King. Is Execution done on *Cawdor* yet?
Or are they not return'd, who were imploy'd
In doing it?

Malc. They are not yet come back;
But I have ſpoke with one who ſaw him die,
And did report that very frankly he
Confeſs'd his Treaſons, and implor'd your Pardon;
With ſigns of a ſincere and deep Repentance.
He told me, nothing in his Life became him
So well, as did his leaving it. He dy'd
As one who had been ſtudy'd in his Death,

Quitting the deareſt thing he ever had,
As 'twere a worthleſs Trifle.

King. There's no Art
To find the Minds Conſtruction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman on whom I built
An abſolute Truſt.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, *and* Macduff.

O Worthy'ſt Cozen!
The Sin of my Ingratitude even now
Seem'd heavy on me. Thou art ſo far before,
That all the Wings of Recompence are ſlow
To overtake thee: would thou hadſt leſs deſerv'd,
That the proportion both of Thanks and Payment
Might have been mine: I've only left to ſay,
That thou deſerv'ſt more than I have to pay.

Macb. The Service and the Loyalty I owe you,
Is a ſufficient payment for it ſelf:
Your Royal Part is to receive our Duties;
Which Duties are, Sir, to your Throne and State,
Children and Servants; and when we expoſe
Our deareſt Lives to ſave your Intereſt,
We do but what we ought.

King. Y'are welcome hither;
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
Still to advance thy Growth: And Noble *Banquo*,
(Who haſt no leſs deſerved; nor muſt partake
Leſs of our Favour) let me here enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.

Banq. There if I grow,
The Harveſt is your own.

King. My Joys are now
Wanton in fulneſs; and wou'd hide themſelves
In drops of Sorrow. Kinſmen, Sons, and *Thanes*;
And you, whoſe places are the neareſt, know
We will eſtabliſh our Eſtate upon
Our Eldeſt, *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of *Cumberland*: nor muſt he wear
His Honours unaccompany'd by others,
But Marks of Nobleneſs, like Stars ſhall ſhine
On all Deſervers. Now we'll haſten hence

To

To *Enverneſs*: we'll be your Gueſt, *Macbeth*,
And there contract a greater Debt than that
Which I already owe you.
Macd. That Honour, Sir,
Out-ſpeaks the beſt Expreſſion of my Thanks:
I'll be my ſelf the Harbinger, and bleſs
My Wife with the glad News of your Approach.
I humbly take my Leave. { Macb. *going out, ſtops, & ſpeaks*
King. My Worthy *Cawdor*---- { *whilſt the* K. *talks with* Ban. *&c.*
Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland*! That is a ſtep
On which I muſt fall down, or elſe o'er-leap;
For in my way it lies. Stars! hide your Fires,
Let no light ſee my black and deep Deſires.
The ſtrange Idea of a bloudy Act
Does into doubt all my Reſolves diſtract.
My Eye ſhall at my Hand connive, the Sun
Himſelf ſhould wink when ſuch a Deed is done---- [*Exit.*
King. True, Noble *Banquo*, he is full of Worth;
And with his Commendations I am fed;
It is a Feaſt to me. Let's after him,
Whoſe Care is gone before to bid us welcom:
He is a matchleſs Kinſman---- [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Macbeth, *and Lady* Macduff, *Lady* Macbeth *having a Letter in her hand.*

La. Macb. Madam, I have obſerv'd ſince you came hither,
You have been ſtill diſconſolate. Pray tell me,
Are you in perfect Health?
La. Macd. Alas! How can I?
My Lord, when Honour call'd him to the War,
Took with him half of my divided Soul,
Which lodging in his Boſom, lik'd ſo well
The Place, that 'tis not yet return'd.
La. Macb. Methinks
That ſhould not diſorder you: for, no doubt
The brave *Macduff* left half his Soul behind him,
To make up the Defect of yours.
La. Macd. Alas!
The Part tranſplanted from his Breaſt to mine,
(As 'twere by Sympathy) ſtill bore a ſhare
In all the Hazards which the other half

Incurr'd,

Incurr'd, and fill'd my Boſom up with fears.

La. Macb. Thoſe fears, methinks, ſhould ceaſe now he is ſafe.

La. Macd. Ah, Madam, dangers which have long prevail'd
Upon the Fancy; even when they are dead
Live in the Memory a-while.

La. Macb. Although his Safety has not power enough to put
Your Doubts to flight, yet the bright Glories which
He gain'd in Battel might diſpel thoſe Clouds.

La. Macd. The World miſtakes the Glories gain'd in War,
Thinking their Luſtre true: alas, they are
But Comets, Vapours! by ſome Men exhal'd
From others Bloud, and kindl'd in the Region
Of Popular Applauſe, in which they live
A-while; then vaniſh: and the very Breath
Which firſt inflam'd them, blows them out agen.

La. Macb. I willingly would read this Letter; but
Her Preſence hinders me; I muſt divert her.
If you are Ill, Repoſe may do you good;
Y'had beſt retire; and try if you can ſleep.

L. Macd. My doubtful thoughts too long have kept me waking,
Madam! I'll take your Counſel—— [*Ex. La.* Macd.

La. Macb. Now I have leiſure to peruſe this Letter.
His laſt brought ſome imperfect News of things
Which in the Shape of Women greeted him
In a ſtrange manner. This perhaps may give
More full Intelligence. [*She reads.*

Reads. *They met me in the day of ſucceſs; and I have been told they have more in them than mortal Knowledge. When I deſired to queſtion them further; they made themſelves Air. Whilſt I entertain'd my ſelf with the wonder of it, came Miſſives from the King, who call'd me* Thane *of* Cawdor: *by which Title, theſe weyward Siſters had ſaluted me before, and referr'd me to the coming on of time; with, Hail King that ſhall be. This have I imparted to thee, (my deareſt Partner of Greatneſs) that thou might'ſt not loſe thy Rights of rejoycing, by being ignorant of what is promis'd. Lay it to thy Heart, and farewel.*

Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor*, and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet I fear thy Nature
Has too much of the Milk of Humane Kindneſs;

To

To take the neareſt way: thou wouldſt be great:
Thou do'ſt not want Ambition: but the ill
Which ſhould attend it: what thou highly covet'ſt
Thou covet'ſt holily! Alas, thou art
Loth to play falſe; and yet would'ſt wrongly win!
Oh how irregular are thy Deſires?
Thou willingly, Great *Glamis*, would'ſt enjoy
The End without the Means! Oh haſte thee thither,
That I may pour my Spirits in thy Ear:
And chaſtiſe with the Valour of my Tongue
Thy too effeminate Deſires of that
Which Supernatural Aſſiſtance ſeems
To Crown thee with. What may be your News?

Enter Servant.

Macb. Ser. The King comes hither to night.

La. Macb. Thou'rt mad to ſay it:
Is not thy Maſter with him? Were this true,
He would give notice for the preparation.

Macb. Ser. So pleaſe you, it is true: our *Thane* is coming;
One of my Fellows had the ſpeed of him;
Who almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Than would make up his Meſſage.

La. Macb. See him well look'd to: he brings welcome News.
There would be Muſick in a Raven's Voice,
Which ſhould but croak the Entrance of the King
Under my Battlements. Come all you Spirits
That wait on Mortal Thoughts: unſex me here:
Empty my Nature of Humanity,
And fill it up with Cruelty: make thick
My Bloud, and ſtop all paſſage to Remorſe;
That no Relapſes into Mercy may
Shake my deſign, nor make it fall before
'Tis ripen'd to Effect: you murthering Spirits,
(Where e'er in ſightleſs Subſtances you wait
On Nature's miſchief) come, and fill my Breaſts
With Gall inſtead of Milk: make haſte dark Night
And hide me in a Smoak as black as Hell;
That my keen Steel ſee not the Wound it makes:
Nor Heav'n peep through the Curtains of the Dark,
To cry, Hold! Hold!

Enter

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis*! Worthy *Cawdor*!
Greater than both, by the All-Hail hereafter;
Thy Letters have tranſported me beyond
My preſent Poſture; I already feel
The future in the inſtant.

Macb. Deareſt Love,
Duncan comes here to night.

La. Macb. When goes he hence?

Macb. To morrow as he purpoſes.

La. Macb. O never!
Never may any Sun that morrow ſee.
Your Face, my *Thane*, is as a Book, where Men
May read ſtrange Matters to beguile the time.
Be cheerful, Sir; bear welcom in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: Look like the innocent Flower,
But be the Serpent under't: He that's coming
Muſt be provided for: and you ſhall put
This Nights great Buſineſs into my Diſpatch;
Which ſhall to our future Nights and Days
Give Soveraign Command: we will with-draw,
And talk on't further: Let your Looks be clear,
Your Change of Count'nance does betoken Fear. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, *Attendants.*

King. This Caſtle has a very pleaſant Seat;
The Air does ſweetly recommend it ſelf
To our delighted Senſes.

Banq. The Gueſt of Summer,
The Temple-haunting *Martin* by his choice
Of this place for his Manſion, ſeems to tell us,
That here Heavens Breath ſmells pleaſantly, No Window,
Buttrice, nor place of Vantage; but this Bird
Has made his pendant Bed and Cradle where
He breeds and haunts. I have obſerv'd the Air,
'Tis delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. See, ſee our honoured Hoſteſs,
By loving us, ſome Perſons cauſe our Trouble;
Which ſtill we thank as Love: herein I teach

You

You how you ſhould bid us welcome for your Pains,
And thank you for your Trouble.
La. Macb. All our Services
In every point twice done, would prove but poor
And ſingle Gratitude, if weigh'd with theſe
Obliging Honours which
Your Majeſty confers upon our Houſe;
For Dignities of old and later Date
(Being too poor to pay) we muſt be ſtill
Your humble Debtors.
Macd. Madam, we are all jointly, to night, your trouble;
But I am your Treſpaſſer upon another ſcore.
My Wife, I underſtand, has in my abſence
Retir'd to you.
La. Macb. I muſt thank her: for whilſt ſhe came to me
Seeking a Cure for her own Solitude,
She brought a Remedy to mine: her Fears
For you have ſomewhat indiſpos'd her, Sir,
She's now withdrawn to try if ſhe can ſleep:
When ſhe ſhall wake, I doubt not but your preſence
Will perfectly reſtore her Health.
King. Where's the *Thane* of *Cawdor?*
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his Purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great Love (ſharp as his Spur) has brought him
Hither before us. Fair and Noble Lady,
We are your Gueſts to night.
La. Macb. Your Servants
Should make their Audit at your pleaſure, Sir,
And ſtill return it as their Debt.
King. Give me your hand.
Conduct me to *Macbeth*: we love him highly,
And ſhall continue our Affection to him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were well, when done; then it were well
It were done quickly; if his Death might be
Without the Death of Nature in my ſelf,
And killing my own Reſt; it wou'd ſuffice;
But Deeds of this Complexion ſtill return
To plague the Doer, and deſtroy his Peace:

Yet let me think; he's here in double truſt.
Firſt, as I am his Kinſman, and his Subject,
Strong both againſt the Deed: then as his Hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt this murderer ſhut the door,
Not bear the ſword my ſelf. Beſides, this *Duncan*
Has born his faculties ſo meek, and been
So clear in his great Office; that his Virtues,
Like Angels, plead againſt ſo black a deed;
Vaulting Ambition! thou o're-leap'ſt thy ſelf
To fall upon another: now, what news?

Enter L. Macbeth.

L. Macb. H'has almoſt ſupp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Has he enquir'd for me?

L. Macb. You know he has!

Macb. We will proceed no farther in this buſineſs:
H'has honoured me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all ſorts of People,
Which ſhould be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.

L. Macb. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dreſs'd your ſelf? has it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now to look ſo pale and fearful
At what it wiſht ſo freely? Can you fear
To be the ſame in your own act and valour,
As in deſire you are? would you enjoy
What you repute the Ornament of Life,
And live a Coward in your own eſteem?
You dare not venture on the thing you wiſh:
But ſtill would be in tame expectance of it.

Macb. I prethee peace: I dare do all that may
Become a man; he who dares more, is none.

L. Macb. What Beaſt then made you break this Enterprize
To me? when you did that, you were a man:
Nay, to be more than what you were, you would
Be ſo much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere; and yet you wiſh'd for both;
And now th'have made themſelves; how you betray
Your Cowardize! I've given ſuck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milks me:
I would, whilſt it was ſmiling in my face,

Have pluckt my Nipple from his boneleſs gums,
And daſht the brains out, had I ſo reſolv'd,
As you have done for this.
Macb. If we ſhould fail: -----
L. Macb. How fail! -----
Bring but your Courage to the fatal place,
And we'll not fail; when *Duncan* is aſleep,
(To which the pains of this days journey will
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlains
I will with wine and waſſel ſo convince,
That memory (the centry of the brain)
Shall be a fume; and the receipt of reaſon,
A Limbeck only: when, in ſwiniſh ſleep,
Their natures ſhall lie drench'd, as in their Death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
His ſpungy Officers? we'll make them bear
The guilt of our black Deed.
Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted Temper ſhould produce
Nothing but Males; but yet when we have mark'd
Thoſe of his Chamber (whilſt they are aſleep)
With *Duncan*'s Bloud, and us'd their very Daggers;
I fear it will not be, with eaſe, believ'd
That they have done't.
La. Macb. Who dares believe it otherwiſe,
As we ſhall make our Griefs and Clamours loud
After his Death?
Macb. I'm ſettled, and will ſtretch up
Each fainting Sinew to this Bloudy Act.
Come, let's delude the time with faireſt Show,
Feign'd Looks muſt hide what the falſe Heart does know.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Banquo, *and* Flean.

Banquo. HOW goes the night, Boy?
Flean. I have not heard the Clock,

But the Moon is down.

Banq. And ſhe goes down at Twelve.

Flean. I take't 'tis late, Sir. [*Ex.* Flean.

Banq. An heavy Summons lies like Lead upon me;
Nature wou'd have me ſleep, and yet I fain would wake:
Merciful Powers reſtrain me in theſe curſed Thoughts
That thus diſturb my Reſt. [*Enter* Macb. *and* Servant.
Who's there?

Macbeth. a Friend.

Banq. What, Sir, not yet at reſt? The King's a-bed;
He has been to night in an unuſual Pleaſure:
He to your Servants has been bountiful,
And with this Diamond he greets your Wife
By the obliging Name of moſt kind Hoſteſs.

Macb. The King taking us unprepar'd, reſtrain'd our Power of ſerving him; which elſe ſhould have wrought more free.

Banq. All's well.
I dream'd laſt night of the three weyward Siſters,
To you they have ſhewn ſome Truth.

Macb. I think not of them;
Yet, when we can intreat an hour or two,
We'll ſpend it in ſome Wood upon that Buſineſs.

Banq. At your kindeſt Leiſure.

Macb. If when the Prophecy begins to look like Truth
You will adhere to me, it ſhall make Honour for you.

Banq. So I loſe none in ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill
Keeping my Boſom free, and my Allegiances dear,
I ſhall be counſell'd.

Macb. Good Repoſe the while.

Banq. The like to you, Sir. [*Ex.* Banquo.

Macb. Go, bid your Miſtreſs, when ſhe is undreſt,
To ſtrike the Cloſet bell, and I'll go to bed.

Is this a Dagger which I ſee before me?
The Hilt draws towards my Hand; come let me graſp thee:
I have thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill;
Art thou not fatal Viſion, ſenſible
To feeling as to ſight? Or, art thou but
A Dagger of the Mind, a falſe Creation
Proceeding from the Brain, oppreſt with Heat.
My Eyes are made the Fools of th'other Senſes;

Or

Or elſe worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill,
And on thy Blade are ſtains of reeking Bloud.
It is the bloudy Buſineſs that thus
Informs my Eye-ſight; now, to half the World
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked Dreams infect
The Health of ſleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecate*'s Offerings; now Murder is
Allarm'd by his nights Centinel: the Wolf,
Whoſe Howling ſeems the Watch-word to the Dead:
But whilſt I talk, he lives: hark, I am ſummon'd;
O *Duncan*, hear it not, for 'tis a Bell
That rings my Coronation, and thy Knell. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

La. Macb. That which made them drunk, has made me bold;
What has quenched them, hath given new Fire to me.
Heark; oh, it was the Owl that ſhriek'd;
The fatal Bell-man that oft bids good night
To dying Men, he is about it; the Doors are open,
And whilſt the ſurfeited Grooms neglect their charges for ſleep.
Nature and Death are now contending in them.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there?

La. Macb. Alas I am afraid they are awak'd,
And 'tis not done; the Attempt without the Deed
Would ruine us. I laid the Daggers ready,
He could not miſs them; and had he not reſembl'd
My Father, as he ſlept, I would have don't,
My Husband.

Macb. I have done the Deed, didſt thou not hear a noiſe?

La. Macb. I heard the Owl ſcream, and the Crickets cry,
Did not you ſpeak?

Macb. When?

La. Macb. Now.

Macb. Who lies i'th' Anti-Chamber?

La. Macb. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a diſmal Sight.

La. Macb. A fooliſh Thought to ſay a diſmal Sight.

Macb. There is one did laugh as he ſecurely ſlept,
And one cry'd Murder, that they wak'd each other.
I ſtood and heard them; but they ſaid their Prayers,

And then addreſt themſelves to ſleep again.

La. Macb. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, Heaven bleſs us, the other ſaid, *Amen:*
As they had ſeen me with theſe Hang-man's Hands,
Silenc'd with Fear, I could not ſay *Amen*,
When they did ſay, Heaven bleſs us.

La. Macb. Conſider it not ſo deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, *Amen?*
I had moſt need of Bleſſing, and *Amen*
Stuck in my Throat.

La. Macb. Theſe Deeds ſhou'd be forgot as ſoon as done,
Leſt they diſtract the Doer.

Macb. Methoughts I heard a Noiſe cry, ſleep no more:
Macbeth has murder'd Sleep, the innocent Sleep;
Sleep, that locks up the Senſes from their Care;
The Death of each days Life; tir'd Labour's Bath;
Balm of Hurt; Minds great Natures ſecond Courſe;
Chief Nouriſher in Life's Feaſt.

La. Macb. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, ſleep no more, to all the Houſe.
Glamis hath murder'd Sleep, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall ſleep no more; *Macbeth* ſhall ſleep no more.

La. Macb. Why do you dream thus? go get ſome Water
And cleanſe this filthy Witneſs from your hands.
Why did you bring the Daggers from the place?
They muſt be there, go, carry them, and ſtain
The ſleepy Grooms with Bloud.

Macb. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done.
What then with looking on it, ſhall I do?

La. Macb. Give me the Daggers, the ſleeping and the dead
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Childhood
That fears a Painted Devil: with his Bloud
I'll ſtain the Faces of the Grooms; by that
It will appear their Guilt. [*Ex. La.* Macbeth.

[*Knock within.*

Macb. What Knocking's that?
How is't with me, when every Noiſe affrights me?
What Hands are here! Can the Sea afford
Water enough to waſh away the Stains?

No,

No, they would ſooner add a Tincture to
The Sea, and turn the Green into a Red.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

La. Macb. My hands are of your Colour; but I ſcorn
To wear a Heart ſo white. Heark, [*Knock.*
I hear a Knocking at the Gate: to your Chamber;
A little Water clears us of this Deed.
Your Fear has left you unmann'd; Heark, more Knocking.
Get on your Gown, leſt Occaſions call us,
And ſhew us to be Watchers; be not loſt
So poorly in your Thoughts. [*Exit.*

Macb. Diſguis'd in Bloud, I ſcarce can find my way.
Wake *Duncan* with this Knocking, wou'd thou could'ſt. [*Exit.*

Enter Lenox, *and* Macbeth's Servant.

Lenox. You ſleep ſoundly, that ſo much Knocking
Could not wake you.

Serv. Labour by day cauſes Reſt by night.

Enter Macduff.

Len. See, the Noble *Macduff.*
Good morrow, my Lord, have you obſerv'd
How great a Miſt does now poſſeſs the Air?
It makes me doubt whether't be Day or Night.

Macd. Riſing this Morning early, I went to look out of my Window, and I cou'd ſcarce ſee farther than my Breath; The Darkneſs of the Night brought but few Objects To our Eyes, but too many to our Ears. Strange Claps, and Creekings of the Doors were heard; The *Skriech-Owl* with his Screams ſeem'd to foretel Some Deed more black than Night.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is the King ſtirring?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to attend him early; I have almoſt ſlip'd the Hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful Trouble to your

Macb. The Labour we delight in, gives; That door will bring you to him.

Macd. I'll make bold to call, for 'tis my limited ſervice. [*Ex.* Mac.

Len. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb.

Macb. So he designs.

Len. The night has been unruly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blown down;
And, as they say, terrible Groanings were heard i'th' Air:
Strange Screams of Death, which seem'd to prophesie
More strange Events, fill'd divers,
Some say the Earth shook.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot recollect its fellow.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Oh Horror! Horror! Horror!
Which no Heart can conceive, nor Tongue can utter.

Macb. } What's the matter?
Len. }

Macd. Horror has done its worst:
Most sacrilegious Murder has broke open
The Lord's anointed Temple, and stole thence
The Life o'th' Building.

Macb. What is't you say? The Life?

Len. Meaning his Majesty.

Macd. Approach the Chamber, and behold the sight,
Enough to turn Spectators into Stone.
I cannot speak, see, and then speak your selves:
Ring the Alarum-bell. Awake, awake, [*Ex.* Macb. *and* Len.
Murther, Treason; *Banquo*, *Malcolm*, and *Donalbain*,
Shake off your downy Sleep, Death's Counterfeit;
And look on Death it self; up, up, and see,
As from your Graves, rise up, and walk like Spirits
To countenance this Horror; Ring the Bell. [*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

La. Macb. What's the business, that at this dead of night
You alar'm us from our Rest?

Macd. O, Madam!
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The Repetition in a Woman's Ear
Would do another Murther.

Enter Banquo.

Oh *Banquo*, *Banquo*, our Royal Master's murther'd!

La. Macb. Ah me! In our house?

Banq. The Deed's too cruel any where, *Macduff*;

Oh,

Oh, that you could but contradict your ſelf,
And ſay it is not true.

Enter Macbeth *and* Lenox.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time; for, from this inſtant,
There's nothing in't worth a good Man's Care;
All is but Toys, Renown and Grace are dead.

Enter Malcolm *and* Donalbain.

Donal. What is amiſs?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountain of your Bloud
Is ſtopp'd; the very Source of it is ſtopp'd.

Macd. Your Royal Father's murther'd.

Malc. Murther'd! By whom?

Len. Thoſe of his Chamber, as it ſeem'd, had don't;
Their Hands and Faces were all ſtain'd with Bloud:
So were their Daggers, which we found unwip'd,
Upon their Pillows. Why was the Life of one,
So much above the beſt of Men, intruſted
To the Hands of two, ſo much below
The worſt of Beaſts?

Macb. Then I repent me I ſo raſhly kill'd 'em.

Macd. Why did you ſo?

Macb. Who can be prudent and amaz'd together;
Loyal and neutral in a moment? No Man.
Th'Expedition of my violent Love
Out-run my pauſing Reaſon: I ſaw *Duncan*,
Whoſe gaping Wounds look'd like a Breach in Nature,
Where Ruine enter'd there. I ſaw the Murtherers
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Being yet unwip'd, ſeem'd to own the Deed,
And call for Vengeance; who could then refrain,
That had an Heart to love; and in that Heart
Courage to manifeſt his Affection?

La. Macb. Oh, Oh, Oh! [*Faints.*

Macd. Look to the Lady.

Malc. Why are we ſilent now, that have ſo large
An Argument for Sorrow?

Don. What ſhould be ſpoken here, where our Fate may ruſh
Suddenly upon us, and as if it lay

Hid in ſome corner; make our Death ſucceed
The Ruine of our Father e'er we are aware.
Macd. I find this place too publick for true Sorrow:
Let us retire, and mourn: but firſt,
Guarded by Vertue, I am reſolv'd to find
The utmoſt of this Buſineſs.
Banq. And I.
Macb. And all.
Let all of us take Manly Reſolution;
And two hours hence meet together in the Hall,
To queſtion this moſt bloudy Fact.
Banq. We ſhall be ready, Sir. [*Ex. all but* Malc. *and* Donal.
Malc. What will you do?
Let's not conſort with them:
To ſhew an unfelt-ſorrow, is an Office
Which falſe Men do with eaſe.
I'll to *England*.
Donal. To *Ireland* I'm reſolv'd to ſteer my courſe;
Our ſeparated Fortune may protect our Perſons
Where we are: Daggers lie hid under Mens Smiles,
And the nearer ſome Men are allied to our Bloud,
The more, I fear, they ſeek to ſhed it.
Malc. This murtherous Shaft that's ſhot
Hath not yet lighted; and our ſafeſt way
Is to avoid the Aim: then let's to Horſe,
And uſe no Ceremony in taking leave of any. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Fourth.*

Enter Lenox *and* Seyton.

Seyton. I can remember well,
Within the compaſs of which time I've ſeen
Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange; but this one night
Has made that Knowledge void.
Len. Thou ſee'ſt the Heavens, as troubled with Man's Act,
Threaten'd this bloudy day: by th'hour 'tis day,
And yet dark night does cover all the Skie,
As if it had quite blotted out the Sun.
It's night's Predominance, or the day's Shame
Makes Darkneſs thus uſurp the place of Light.
Seyt. 'Tis ſtrange and unnatural,
Even like the Deed that's done; on *Tueſday* laſt,

A *Fau-*

A *Faulcon* towring in her height of Pride,
Was by a mouſing *Owl* hawk'd at, and kill'd.
Len. And *Duncan*'s Horſes which before were tame,
Did on a ſudden change their gentle Natures,
And became wild; they broke out of their Stables,
As if they would make War with Mankind.
Seyt. 'Tis ſaid they eat each other.
Len. They did ſo,
To th'Amazement of thoſe Eyes that ſaw it.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff*:
How goes the World, Sir, now?
Len. Is't known who did this more than bloudy Deed?
Macd. Thoſe that *Macbeth* hath ſlain are moſt ſuſpected.
Len. Alas, what good could they pretend?
Macd. It is ſuppos'd they were ſuborn'd.
Malcolm and *Donalbain*, the King's two Sons,
Are ſtoln away from Court,
Which puts upon them Suſpition of the Deed.
Len. Unnatural ſtill.
Could their Ambition prompt them to deſtroy
The means of their own Life.
Macd. You are free to judge
Of their Deportment as you pleaſe; but moſt
Men think 'em guilty.
Len. Then 'tis moſt like the Soveraignty will fall
Upon *Macbeth*.
Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*
To be inveſted.
Len. Where's *Duncan*'s Body?
Macd. Carried to *Colmehill*,
The ſacred Storehouſe of his Predeceſſors.
Len. Will you to *Scone*?
Macd. No, Couſin, I'll to *Fife*:
My Wife and Children frighted at the Alarm
Of this ſad News, have thither led the way,
And I'll follow them: may the King you go
To ſee inveſted, prove as great and good
As *Duncan* was; but I'm in doubt of it.
New Robes ne'er as the old ſo eaſie ſit. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *an Heath.*

Enter Lady Macduff, *Maid and Servant.*

La. Macd. Art ſure this is the place my Lord appointed
Us to meet him?

Serv. This is the Entrance o'th' Heath; and here
He order'd me to attend him with the Chariot.

La. Macd. How fondly did my Lord conceive that we
Should ſhun the place of Danger by our Flight
From *Everneſs?* The darkneſs of the day
Makes the Heath ſeem the Gloomy Walks of Death.
We are in danger ſtill: they who dare here
Truſt Providence, may truſt it any where.

Maid. But this place, Madam, is more free from Terror:
Laſt night methoughts I heard a diſmal Noiſe
Of Shrieks and Groanings in the Air.

La. Macd. 'Tis true, this is a place of greater ſilence;
Not ſo much troubled with the Groans of thoſe
That dye; nor with the Out-cries of the Living.

Maid. Yes, I have heard Stories, how ſome Men
Have in ſuch lonely places been affrighted
With dreadful Shapes and Noiſes. [Macduff *hollows.*

La. Macd. But hark, my Lord ſure hollows;
'Tis he; anſwer him quickly.

Serv. Illo, Ho, Ho, Ho.

Enter Macduff.

La. Macd. Now I begin to ſee him: are you a foot,
My Lord?

Macd. Knowing the way to be both ſhort and eaſie,
And that the Chariot did attend me here,
I have adventur'd. Where are our Children?

La. Macd. They are ſecurely ſleeping in the Chariot.

Firſt Song by Witches.

1. *Witch.* Speak, Siſter, ſpeak; is the Deed done?

2. *Witch.* Long ago, long ago:
Above twelve Glaſſes ſince have run.

3. *Witch.* Ill Deeds are ſeldom ſlow;
Nor ſingle: following Crimes on former wait.
The worſt of Creatures faſteſt propagate.
Many more Murders muſt this one enſue,
As if in Death were Propagation too.

2. *Witch.*

2. *Witch.* He will.
1. *Witch.* He ſhall.
3. *Witch.* He muſt ſpill much more Bloud;
And become worſe, to make his Title good.
1. *Witch.* Now let's dance.
2. *Witch.* Agreed.
3. *Witch.* Agreed.
4. *Witch.* Agreed.
Chorus. We ſhould rejoice when good Kings bleed.
When Cattle dye about we go.
What then, when Monarchs periſh, ſhould we do?
Macd. What can this be?
La. Macd. This is moſt ſtrange: but why ſeem you afraid?
Can you be capable of Fears, who have
So often caus'd it in your Enemies?
Macd. It was an Helliſh Song, I cannot dread
Ought that is Mortal; but this is ſomething more.

Second Song.

Let's have a Dance upon the Heath;
We gain more Life by Duncan's *Death.*
Sometimes like Brinded Cats we ſhew,
Having no Muſick but our Mew.
Sometimes we dance in ſome Old Mill,
Upon the Hopper, Stones, and Wheel.
To ſome Old Saw, or Bardiſh Rhime,
Where ſtill the Mill-clack does keep time.
Sometimes about an Hollow Tree,
A-round, a-round, a-round dance we.
Thither the chirping Cricket comes,
And Beetle ſinging, drowſie Hums.
Sometimes we dance o'er Fens and Furs,
To Howls of Wolves, and Barks of Curs.
And when with none of thoſe we meet,
We dance to th'Echoes of our Feet.
At the Night-Raven's diſmal Voice,
Whilſt others tremble, we rejoyce;
And nimbly, nimbly dance we ſtill.
To th'Echoes from an Hollow Hill.

Macd. I am glad you are not afraid.
La. Macd. I would not willingly to Fear ſubmit:

None

None can fear Ill, but thoſe that merit it.

Macd. Am I made bold by her? How ſtrong a Guard
Is Innocence? If any one would be
Reputed valiant, let him learn of you;
Vertue both Courage is, and Safety too. [*A Dance of Witches.*

Enter two Witches.

Macd. Theſe ſeem foul Spirits; I'll ſpeak to 'em.
If you can any thing by more than Nature know;
You may in theſe prodigious times fore-tell
Some ill we may avoid.

1. *Witch.* Saving thy Bloud, will cauſe it to be ſhed.

2. *Witch.* He'll bleed by thee, by whom thou firſt haſt bled.

3 *Witch.* Thy Wife ſhall ſhunning Danger, Dangers find,
And fatal be, to whom ſhe moſt is kind. [*Ex.* Witches.

La: Macd. Why are you alter'd, Sir, be not ſo thoughtful:
The Meſſengers of Darkneſs never ſpake
To Men, but to deceive them.

Macd. Their Words ſeem to fore-tell ſome dire Predictions.

La. Macd. He that believes ill News from ſuch as theſe,
Deſerves to find it true. Their Words are like
Their Shape; nothing but Fiction.
Let's haſten to our Journey.

Macd. I'll take your Counſel; for to permit
Such Thoughts upon our Memories to dwell,
Will make our Minds the Regiſters of Hell. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. THou haſt it now, King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all,
As the three Siſters promis'd; but I fear
Thou play'dſt moſt foully for't: yet it was ſaid
It ſhould not ſtand in thy Poſterity:
But that my ſelf ſhould be the Root and Father
Of many Kings; they told thee Truth.
Why, ſince their Promiſe was made good to thee,
May they not be my Oracles as well?

Enter

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, *and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief Gueſt, if he had been forgotten,
It had been want of Muſick to our Feaſt.
To night we hold a ſolemn Supper, Sir;
And all requeſt your preſence.

Banq. Your Majeſty lays your Command on me,
To which my duty is to obey.

Macb. Ride you this Afternoon?

Banq. Yes, Royal Sir.

Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſired your good Advice,
(Which ſtill hath been both grave and proſperous)
In this Days Counſel; but we'll take to morrow,
Is't far you ride?

Banq. As far, Great Sir, as will take up the time:
Go not my Horſe the better,
I muſt become a Borrower of the Night,
For a dark hour or two.

Macb. Fail not our Feaſt.

Banq. My Lord, I ſhall not.

Macb. We hear our bloudy Couſins are beſtow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland*; not confeſſing
Their cruel Parricide; filling their Hearers
With ſtrange Invention. But of that to morrow.
Goes your Son with you?

Banq. He does, and our time now calls upon us.

Macb. I wiſh your Horſes ſwift, and ſure of Foot.
Farewel. [*Ex.* Banq.
Let every Man be Maſter of his time;
Till ſeven at night, to make Society
The more welcome; we will our ſelves withdraw,
And be alone till Supper. [*Exeunt Lords.*
Macduff departed frowningly, perhaps
He is grown jealous; he and *Banquo* muſt
Embrace the ſame Fate.
Do thoſe Men attend our Pleaſure?

Serv. They do, and wait without.

Macb. Bring them before us. [*Ex.* Servant.
I am no King till I am ſafely ſo.
My fears ſtick deep in *Banquo*'s Succeſſors;
And in his Royalty of Nature reigns that

Which

Which wou'd be fear'd. He dares do much;
And to that dauntleſs Temper of his Mind,
He hath a Wiſdom that doth guide his Valour
To act in Safety. Under him
My *Genius* is rebuk'd: he chid the Siſters
When firſt they put the Name of King upon me,
And bad them ſpeak to him. Then, Prophet-like,
They hail'd him Father to a Line of Kings.
Upon my Head they plac'd a fruitleſs Crown,
And put a barren Scepter in my Hand:
Thence to be wreſted by another's Race;
No Son of mine ſucceeding: if 't be ſo;
For *Banquo*'s Iſſue, I have ſtain'd my Soul
For them: the gracious *Duncan* I have murder'd:
Rather than ſo, I will attempt yet further,
And blot out, by their Bloud, whate'er
Is written of them in the Book of Fate.

Enter Servant, *and two* Murtherers.

Wait you without, and ſtay there till we call. [*Ex.* Servant.
Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?

1. *Murth.* It was, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs.

Macb. And have you ſince conſider'd what I told you?
How it was *Banquo* who in former times
Held you ſo much in Slavery;
Whilſt you were guided to ſuſpect my Innocence.
This I made good to you in your laſt Conference;
How you were born in hand; how croſt:
The Inſtruments who wrought with them.

2. *Murth.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did ſo; and now let me reaſon with you:
Do you find your Patience ſo predominant
In your Nature,
As tamely to remit thoſe Injuries?
Are you ſo Goſpell'd to pray for this good Man,
And for his Iſſue; whoſe heavy Hand
Hath bow'd you to the Grave, and beggar'd
Yours for ever?

1. *Murth.* We are Men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the Catalogue you go for Men;
As Hounds, and Grey-hounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curs,
Shoughs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are all
Call'd by the name of dogs: the list of which
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous Nature
Hath bestow'd on him; and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the list,
No i'th' worst rank of manhood; say't,
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Which, if perform'd, will rid you of your enemy,
And will endear you to the love of us.

2. *Mur.* I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile blows, and malice of the Age
Hath so incens'd, that I care not what I do
To spight the World.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, and so inflicted by fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or to lose it.

Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and though I could
With open power take him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it: yet I must not;
For certain friends that are both his and mine;
Whose loves I may not hazard; would ill
Resent a publick process; and thence it is
That I do your assistance crave, to mask
The business from the common eye.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my Lord, perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you.
Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant your selves;
For it must be done to night:
And something from the Palace; always remember'd,
That you keep secrecy with the prescribed Father.
Flean, his Son too, keeps him company;
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than that of *Banquo*'s: he too must embrace the fate

Of that dark hour. Reſolve your ſelves apart.
Both Mur. We are reſolv'd, my Liege.
Macb. I'll call upon you ſtreight. [*Ex. Murth.*
Now, *Banquo*, if thy Soul can in her flight
Find Heaven, thy happineſs begins to night. [*Exit.*

Enter Macduff, *and Lady* Macduff.

Macd. It muſt be ſo. Great *Duncan*'s bloody death
Can have no other Author but *Macbeth.*
His Dagger now is to a Scepter grown;
From *Duncan*'s Grave he has deriv'd his Throne.
La. Macd. Ambition urg'd him to that bloody deed:
May you be never by Ambition led:
Forbid it Heav'n, that in Revenge you ſhou'd
Follow a Copy that is writ in Blood.
Macd. From *Duncan*'s Grave methinks I hear a Groan,
That calls aloud for juſtice.
La. Macd. If the Throne
Was by *Macbeth* ill gain'd, Heavens may
Without your Sword, ſufficient vengeance pay.
Uſurpers lives have but a ſhort extent,
Nothing lives long in a ſtrange Element.
Macd. My Countreys dangers call for my defence,
Againſt the bloody Tyrant's violence.
La. Macd. I am afraid you have ſome other end,
Than meerly *Scotland's* freedom to defend.
You'd raiſe your ſelf, whilſt you wou'd him dethrone;
And ſhake his Greatneſs, to confirm your own.
That purpoſe will appear, when rightly ſcann'd,
But Uſurpation at the ſecond hand.
Good Sir, recall your thoughts.
Macd. What if I ſhould
Aſſume the Scepter for my Countreys good?
Is that an Uſurpation? can it be
Ambition to procure the liberty
Of this ſad Realm, which does by Treaſon bleed;
That which provokes, will juſtifie the deed.
La. Macd. If the Deſign ſhould proſper, the Event
May make us ſafe, but not you innocent:
For whilſt to ſet our fellow Subjects free
From preſent Death, or future Slavery.

You wear a Crown, not by your Title due,
Defence in them, is an Offence in you;
That deed's unlawful, though it coſt no Blood,
In which you'll be at beſt unjuſtly Good.
You, by your pity, which for us you plead,
Weave but Ambition of a finer thread.

Macd. Ambition does the height of power affect,
My aim is not to Govern, but Protect:
And he is not ambitious that declares,
He nothing ſeeks of Scepters but their cares.

La. Macd. Can you ſo patiently your ſelf moleſt,
And loſe your own, to give your Countrey reſt?
In *Plagues* what ſound Phyſician wou'd endure
To be infected for another's Cure.

Macd. If by my troubles I cou'd yours releaſe,
My Love wou'd turn thoſe torments to my eaſe:
I ſhou'd at once be ſick, and healthy too,
Though ſickly in my ſelf, yet well in you.

La. Macd. But then reflect upon the Danger, Sir,
Which you by your aſpiring wou'd incur
From Fortune's Pinacle, you will too late
Look down, when you are giddy with your height:
Whilſt you with *Fortune* play to win a Crown,
The Peoples Stakes are greater than your own.

Macd. In hopes to have the common Ills redreſt,
Who wou'd not venture ſingle Intereſt.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, a Gentleman juſt now arriv'd
From Court, has brought a Meſſage from the King.

Macd. One ſent from him, can no good Tidings bring.

La. Macd. What wou'd the Tyrant have?

Macd. Go, I will hear
The News, though it a diſmal Accent bear;
Thoſe who expect and do not fear their Doom,
May hear a Meſſage though from Hell it come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Macbeth's *Lady and Servant.*

La. Macb. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Ser. Yes, Madam, but returns again to night.

La. Macb. Say to the King, I wou'd attend his leiſure
For a few words. [*Ex. Ser.*

Where our deſire is got without content,
Alas, it is not gain, but puniſhment:
'Tis ſafer to be that which we deſtroy,
Then by Deſtruction live in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone?
Making the worſt of Fancy your Companions,
Converſing with thoſe thoughts which ſhou'd ha' dy'd
With thoſe they think on: things without redreſs
Shou'd be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. Alas, we have but ſcorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it,
She'll cloſe and be her ſelf, whilſt our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former ſting.
But let the frame of all things be disjoynt
E're we will eat our bread in fear; and ſleep
In the affliction of thoſe horrid Dreams
That ſhake us mightily! Better be with him
Whom we, to gain the Crown, have ſent to peace?
Then on the torture of the mind to lie
In reſtleſs Agony. *Duncan* is dead;
He, after life's ſhort feaver, now ſleeps; Well,
Treaſon has done its worſt; nor Steel, nor Poyſon,
Nor Foreign force, nor yet Domeſtick Malice
Can touch him further.

La. Macb. Come on, ſmooth your rough brow:
Be free and merry with your gueſts to night.

Macb. I ſhall, and ſo I pray be you, but ſtill
Remember to apply your ſelf to *Banquo:*
Preſent him kindneſs with your Eye and Tongue.
In how unſafe a poſture are our honours
That we muſt have recourſe to flattery,
And make our Faces Vizors to our hearts.

La. Macb. You muſt leave this.

Macb. How full of Scorpions is my mind? dear Wife
Thou know'ſt that *Banquo* and his *Fleau* lives.

La. Macb. But they are not Immortal, there's comfort yet in that.

Macb. Be merry then, for e're the *Bat* has flown
His Cloyſter'd flight; e're to black *Heccate*'s Summons,
The ſharp-brow'd Beetle with his drowſie hums,
Has rung nights ſecond Peal:

There

There ſhall be done a deed of dreadful Note.

La. Macb. What is't?

Macb. Be innocent of knowing it, my Dear,
Till thou applaud the deed, come diſmal Night,
Cloſe up the Eye of the quick-ſighted Day
With thy inviſible and bloody hand.
The Crow makes wing to the thick ſhady Grove,
Good things of day grow dark and overcaſt,
Whilſt Nights black Agents to their Preys make haſte.
Thou wonder'ſt at my Language, wonder ſtill,
Things ill begun, ſtrengthen themſelves by ill. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three Murtherers.

1 *Mur.* The time is almoſt come,
The *Weſt* yet glimmers with ſome ſtreaks of day,
Now the benighted Traveller ſpurs on,
To gain the timely Inn.

2 *Mur.* Hark, I hear Horſes, and ſaw ſome body alight
At the Park gate.

3 *Mur.* Then 'tis he; the reſt
That are expected, are i' th' Court already.

1 *Mur.* His Horſes go about almoſt a mile,
And men from hence to th' *Palace* make it their uſual walk. [*Ex.*

Enter Banquo *and* Flean.

Banq. It will be rain to night.

Flean. We muſt make haſte.

Banq. Our haſte concerns us more than being wet.
The King expects me at his Feaſt to night,
To which he did invite me with a kindneſs,
Greater than he was wont to expreſs. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Murtherers with drawn Swords.

1 *Mur. Banquo* thou little think'ſt what bloody Feaſt
Is now preparing for thee.

2 *Mur.* Nor to what ſhades the darkneſs of this night
Shall lead thy wandring Spirit. [*Exeunt after* Banquo.

[*Claſhing of Swords is heard from within.*

Re-enter Flean *purſu'd by one of the Murtherers.*

Flean. Murther, help, help, my Father's kill'd. [*Ex. running.*

SCENE *opens, a Banquet prepar'd.*

Enter Macbeth, *Lady* Macbeth, Seaton, Lenox, *Lords, Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own Degrees, ſit down.

Seat. Thanks

Seat. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our self will keep you company,
And play the humble Host to entertain you:
Our Lady keeps her State; but you shall have her welcome too.

La Macb. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our Friends.

Enter first Murtherer.

Macb. Both sides are even; be free in mirth, anon
We'll drink a measure about the Table.
There's Blood upon thy Face.

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo*'s then.

Macb. Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My Lord, his Throat is cut, that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best of Cut-throats;
Yet he is good that did the like for *Flean*.

Mur. Most Royal Sir, he scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again, I had else been perfect,
Firm as a Pillar founded on a Rock,
As unconfin'd as the free spreading Air.
But now I'm check'd with sawcy doubts and fears.
But *Banquo*'s safe?

Mur. Safe in a Ditch he lies,
With twenty gaping wounds on his head,
The least of which was mortal.

Macb. There the ground Serpent lies; the Worm that's fled
Hath Nature, that in time will Venom breed.
Though at present it wants a Sting, to morrow,
To morrow you shall hear further. [*Ex. Mur.*

La. Macb. My Royal Lord, you spoil the Feast,
The sawce to Meat is chearfulness.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, *and sits in* Macbeth's *place.*

Macb. Let good Digestion wait on Appetite,
And Health on both.

Len. May it please your Highness to sit.

Macb. Had we but here our Countreys honour;
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present,
Whom we may justly challenge for unkindness.

Seat. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise; please your Highness
To grace us with your company?

Macb. Yes, I'll sit down. The Table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where

Macb. Where, Sir?
Len. Here. What is't that moves your Highneſs?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. Done what?
Macb. Thou canſt not ſay I did it; never ſhake
Thy goary Locks at me.
Seat. Gentlemen riſe, his Highneſs is not well.
La Macb. Sit worthy friends, my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth; pray keep your Seats,
The fit is ever ſudden, if you take notice of it,
You ſhall offend him, and provoke his paſſion,
In a moment he'll be well again.
Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one that dare look on that
Which would diſtract the Devil.
La. Macb. O proper ſtuff:
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the Air-drawn Dagger, which you ſaid
Led you to *Duncan.* O theſe Fits and Starts,
(Impoſtors to true fear) wou'd well become
A Woman's ſtory, authoriz'd by her Grandam.
Why do you ſtare thus? when all's done
You look but on a Chair.
Macb. Prethee ſee there, how ſay you now!
Why, what care I, if thou canſt nod; ſpeak too.
If Charnel-houſes and our Graves muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, back; our Mouuments
Shall be the maws of Kites.
La. Macb. What quite unmann'd in folly? [*The Ghoſt deſcends.*
Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw it.
La. Macb. Fye, for ſhame.
Macb. 'Tis not the firſt of Murders; blood was ſhed
E're humane Law decree'd it for a ſin.
Ay, and ſince Murthers too have been committed
Too terrible for the Ear. The time has been,
That when the brains were out, the man wou'd dye;
And there lie ſtill; but now they riſe again
And thruſt us from our Seats.
La. Macb. Sir, your noble Friends do lack you.
Macb. Wonder not at me, my moſt worthy Friends,

I have

I have a ſtrange Infirmity; 'tis nothing
To thoſe that know me. Give me ſome Wine,
Here's to the general Joy of all the Table,
And to our dear friend *Banquo*, whom we miſs,
Wou'd he were here: to all, and him, we drink.
Lords. Our Duties are to pledge it. [*the Ghoſt of* Ban. *riſes at his*
Macb. Let the earth hide thee; thy blood is cold, (*feet*
Thou haſt no uſe now of thy glaring Eyes.
La. Macb. Think of this, good my Lords, but as a thing
Of Cuſtom: 'tis no other,
Only it ſpoils the pleaſure of the time.
Macb. What man can dare, I dare;
Approach thou like the rugged *Ruſſian* Bear,
The Arm'd *Rhinoceros*, or the *Hircanian* Tigre;
Take any ſhape but that; and my firm Nerves
Shall never tremble; or revive a while,
And dare me to the Deſart with thy Sword,
If any Sinew ſhrink, proclaim me then
The Baby of a Girl. Hence horrible ſhadow. [*Ex Ghoſt.*
So, now I am a Man again: pray you ſit ſtill.
La. Macb. You have diſturb'd the Mirth;
Broke the glad meeting with your wild diſorder.
Macb. Can ſuch things be without aſtoniſhment.
You make me ſtrange,
Ev'n to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keep the natural colour of your Cheeks,
Whilſt mine grew pale with fear.
Seat. What ſights?
La. Macb. I pray you ſpeak not, he'll grow worſe and worſe;
Queſtions enrage him, at once good night:
Stand not upon the Order of your going.
Len. Good night, and better health attend his Majeſty.
La. Macb. A kind good night to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*
Macb. It will have Blood they ſay. Blood will have blood.
Stones have been known to move, and Trees to ſpeak.
Augures well read in Languages of Birds,
By *Magpies*, *Rooks*, and *Dawes*, have reveal'd
The ſecret Murther. How goes the night?
La Macb. Almoſt at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. Why

Macb. Why did *Macduff* after a ſolemn Invitation,
Deny his preſence at our Feaſt?

L. Macb. Did you ſend to him, Sir?

Macb. I did; but I'll ſend again,
There's not one great *Thane* in all *Scotland*,
But in his houſe I keep a Servant,
He and *Banquo* muſt embrace the ſame Fate.
I will to morrow to the Weyward Siſters,
They ſhall tell me more; for now I am bent to know
By the worſt means, the worſt that can befall me:
All Cauſes ſhall give way; I am in blood
Stept in ſo far, that ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as bad, as to go o're.

L. Macb. You lack the ſeaſon of all Natures, ſleep.

Macb. Well I'll in
And reſt; if ſleeping I repoſe can have,
When the Dead riſe, and want it in their Grave. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Macduff *and Lady* Macduff.

L. Macd. Are you reſolv'd then to be gone?

Macd. I am:
I know my Anſwer cannot but inflame
The Tyrants fury to pronounce my death,
My Life will ſoon be blaſted by his Breath.

L. Macd. But why ſo far as *England* muſt you fly?

Macd. The fartheſt part of *Scotland* is too nigh.

L. Macd. Can you leave me, your Daughter and young Son,
To periſh by that Tempeſt which you ſhun?
When Birds of ſtronger wing are fled away,
The ravenous *Kite* does on the weaker prey.

Macd. He will not injure you, he cannot be
Poſſeſt with ſuch unmanly cruelty:
You will your ſafety to your weakneſs owe,
As Graſs eſcapes the Syth by being low.
Together we ſhall be too ſlow to fly:
Single, we may out-ride the Enemy.
I'll from the *Engliſh* King ſuch Succours crave,
As ſhall revenge the Dead, and Living ſave.
My greateſt Miſery is to remove
With all the wings of haſte from what I love.

L. Macd. If to be gone ſeems miſery to you,

Good Sir, let us be miserable too.

Macd. Your Sex which here is your security,
Will by the toyls of flight your Danger be. [*Enter Messenger.*
What fatal news does bring thee out of breath?

Mess. Sir, *Banquo's* kill'd.

Macd. Then I am warn'd of Death.
Farewell; our safety Us a while must sever.

L. Macd. Fly, fly, or we may bid farewell for ever.

Macd. Flying from Death, I am to life unkind,
For leaving you, I leave my Life behind. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Oh my dear Lord, I find now thou art gone,
I am more valiant when unsafe alone.
My heart feels Man-hood, it does Death despise,
Yet I am still a Woman in my Eyes.
And of my Tears thy absence is the cause,
So falls the Dew when the bright Sun withdraws. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lenox *and* Seaton.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts
Which can interpret further; Only I say
Things have been strangely carry'd.
Duncan was pity'd, but he first was dead.
And the right Valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late:
Men must not walk so late: who can want Sense
To know how monstrous it was in Nature,
For *Malcolme* and *Donalbain*, to kill
Their Royal Father; horrid Fact! how did
It grieve *Macbeth*, did he not straight
In pious rage the two *Delinquents* kill,
That were the Slaves of Drunkenness and Sleep?
Was not that nobly done?

Seat. Ay, and wisely too:
For 'twou'd have anger'd any Loyal heart
To hear the men deny it.

Len. So that I say he has born all things well:
And I do think that had he *Duncan's* Sons
Under his power (as may please Heaven he shall not)
They shou'd find what it were to kill a Father.
So shou'd *Flean*: but peace; I hear *Macduff*
Deny'd his presence at the Feast: For which
He lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell

Where

Where he beſtows himſelf?

Seat. I hear that *Malcolme* lives i'th' *Engliſh* Court,
And is receiv'd of the moſt pious *Edward*,
With ſuch Grace, that the Malevolences of Fortune
Takes nothing from his high Reſpect; thither
Macduff is gone to beg the Holy King's
Kind aid, to wake *Northumberland*
And Warlike *Seyward*, and by the help of theſe,
To finiſh what they have ſo well begun.
This report
Do's ſo exaſperate the King, that he
Prepares for ſome attempt of War.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff*?

Seat. He did, his abſolute Command.

Len. Some Angel fly to th' *Engliſh* Court, and tell
His Meſſage e're he come; that ſome quick bleſſing,
To this afflicted Country, may arrive
Whilſt thoſe that merit it are yet alive. [*Exeunt.*

Thunder, Enter three Witches meeting Hecat.

1 *Witch.* How? *Hecat*, you look angerly.

Hecat. Have I not reaſon *Beldams*?
Why did you all Traffick with *Macbeth*
'Bout Riddles and affairs of Death,
And call'd not me: All you have done
Hath been but for a Weyward Son:
Make ſome amends now: get you gon,
And at the pit of *Achæron*
Meet me i'th' morning: Thither he
Will come to know his Deſtiny.
Dire buſineſs will be wrought e're Noon,
For on a corner of the Moon,
A drop my Spectacles have found,
I'll catch it e're it come to ground.
And that diſtill'd ſhall yet e're night,
Raiſe from the Center ſuch a Spright:
As by the ſtrength of his Illuſion,
Shall draw *Macbeth* to his Confuſion.

Muſick and Song.

HEccate, *Heccate*, *Heccate!* O come away;
Hark, I am call'd, my little Spirit ſee,
Sits in a foggy Cloud, and ſtays for me.

Sing within, [*Machine deſcends.*

Come away *Heccate*, *Heccate*! Oh come away:

Hec. I come, I come, with all the ſpeed I may,
With all the ſpeed I may.
Where's *Stadling*?

2. Here.

Hec. Where's *Puckle*?

3. Here, and *Hopper* too, and *Helway* too.

1. We want but you, we want but you:
Come away, make up the Count.

Hec. I will but noint, and then I mount,
I will but, *&c.*

1. Here comes down one to fetch his due, a Kiſs,
A Cull, a ſip of blood.
And why thou ſtay'ſt ſo long, I muſe,
Since th' Air's ſo ſweet and good.

2. Oh art thou come! What News?
All goes fair for our delight,
Either come, or elſe refuſe,
Now I'm furniſh'd for the flight,
Now I go, and now I fly,
Malking my ſweet Spirit and I.

3. Oh what a dainty pleaſure's this!
To ſail i'th' Air
While the Moon ſhines fair;
To Sing, to Toy, to Dance and Kiſs;
Over Woods, high Rocks and Mountains,
Over Hills, and miſty Fountains;
Over Steeples, Towers, and Turrets:
We fly by night 'mongſt troops of Spirits.
No Ring of Bells to our Ears ſounds,
No Howls of Wolves, nor Yelps of Hounds;
No, nor the Noiſe of Waters breach,
Nor Cannons Throats our Height can reach.

1. Come let's make haſte, ſhe'll ſoon be back again.

2. But whilſt ſhe moves through the foggy Air,
Let's to the Cave and our dire Charms prepare.

Finis Actus III.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

1 *Witch.* THrice the brinded Cat hath Mew'd.
2. Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pig whin'd,
Shutting his Eyes againſt the Wind.
3. *Harpier* cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1. Then round about the *Cauldron* go,
And poyſon'd Entrals throw.
This Toad which under Moſſie ſtone,
Has days and nights lain thirty one:
And ſwelter'd Venom ſleeping got,
We'll boyl in the Inchanted Pot.
All. Double, double, toyl and trouble;
Fire burn, and *Cauldron* bubble.
2. The Fillet of a Fenny Snake
Of Scuttle-Fiſh the vomit black.
The Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frog,
The Wool of Bat, and tongue of Dog.
An Addars fork, and blind Worms ſting,
A Lizzard's leg, and Howlets wing,
Shall like a Hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double, *&c.*
3. The ſcale of Dragon, tooth of Wolf,
A Witches Mummy: Maw and Gulf
Of Cormorant and the Sea Shark,
The root of Hemlock dig'd i'th' dark.
The Liver of blaſpheming Jew,
With Gall of Goats, and ſlips of Yew,
Pluckt when the *Moon* was in Eclipſe,
With a *Turks* noſe, and *Tarters* lips;
The finger of a ſtrangl'd Babe,
Born of a Ditch delivered Drab,
Shall make the Grewel thick and ſlab.
Adding thereto a fat *Dutchmans* Chawdron,
For the ingredients of our Cawdron.
All. Double, double, *&c.*

2. I'll

2. I'll cool it with the Baboons blood,
And ſo the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, *and the other three Witches.*

Hec. Oh well done. I commend your pains,
And every one ſhall ſhare the Gains.
And now about the *Cauldron* ſing,
Like Elves and Fairies in a Ring.

Muſick and Song.

Hec. BLack Spirits, and white,
Red Spirits and Gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

1 *Witch.* *Tiffin*, *Tiffin*, keep it ſtiff in,
Fire-drake *Puckey*, make it luckey:
Liar *Robin*, you muſt bob in.

Chor. A round, a round, about, about,
All ill come running in, all good keep out.

1. Here's the blood of a Bat!

Hec. O put in that, put in that.

2. Here's Lizards brain.

Hec. Put in a grain.

1. Here's Juice of Toad, here's Oyl of Adder,
That will make the Charm grow madder.

2. Put in all theſe, 'twill raiſe the ſtanch.

Hec. Nay here's three ounces of a red-hair'd Wench.

Chor. *A round*, *a round*, &c.

2. I by the pricking of my Thumbs,
Know ſomething Wicked this way comes,
Open Locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Mach. How now you ſecret, black, and mid-night Haggs,
What are you doing?

All. A deed without a name.

Mach. I conjure you by that which you profeſs.
Howe're you come to know it, anſwer me.
Though you let looſe the raging Winds to ſhake whole Towns,
Though bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Trees blown down.
Though Caſtles tumble on their Warders heads;
Though Palaces and towring Piramids
Are ſwallowed up in Earth-quakes; Anſwer me.

1. Speak,

1. Speak.
2. Pronounce.
3. Demand.
4. I'll answer thee.

Macb. What Destinie's appointed for my Fate?

Hec. Thou double *Thane* and King; beware *Macduff*:
Avoiding him, *Macbeth* is safe enough.

Macb. What e're thou art for thy kind Caution, Thanks.

Hec. Be bold and bloudy, and man's hatred scorn,
Thou shalt be harm'd by none of Woman born.

Macb. Then live *Macduff*, what need I fear thy power?
But none can be too sure, thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spight of Thunder.

Hec. Be confident, be Proud, and take no care
Who wages War, or where Conspirers are,
Macbeth shall like a lucky Monarch Reign,
Till *Birnam* Wood shall come to *Dunsenain*.

Macb. Can Forests move? the Propheſie is good,
If I shall never fall till the great Wood
Of *Birnam* rise; thou may'st presume *Macbeth*,
To live out Natures Lease, and pay thy breath
To Time and mortal Custom. Yet my heart
Longs for more Knowledge: Tell me if your Art
Extends so far: shall *Banquo*'s Issue o're
This Kingdom reign?

All. Enquire no more.

Macb. I will not be deny'd. Ha! [Cauldron *sinks.*
An eternal Curse fall on you; let me know
Why sinks this *Cauldron*, and what noise is this?

1 *Witch.* Appear. 2. Appear. 3. Appear.
Wound through his Eyes, his harden'd Heart,
Like Shadows come, and straight depart.

[*A shadow of eight Kings, and* Banquo's *Ghost after them pass by.*

Macb. Thy Crown offends my sight. A second too like the first.
A third resembles him: a fourth too like the former:
Ye filthy Hags, will they succeed
Each other still till Dooms-day?
Another yet, a seventh? I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears. Ha!

Ha! the bloody *Banquo* ſmiles upon me,
And by his ſmiling on me, ſeems to ſay
That they are all Succeſſors of his Race.
Hec. Ay, Sir, all this is ſo: but why
Macbeth ſtands thou amazedly?
Come Siſters let us chear his heart,
And ſhew the pleaſures of our Art;
I'll charm the Air to give a ſound
while you perform your Antick round. [*Muſick. The Witches Dance and Vaniſh. The Cave ſinks.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernicious hour ſtand
Accurs'd to all eternity. [*Without there.*

Enter Seaton.

Seat. What's your Graces will?
Macb. Saw you the Wayward Siſters?
Seat. No, my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Seat. By me, Sir?
Macb. Infected be the Earth in which they ſunk,
And Damn'd all thoſe that truſt 'em. Juſt now
I heard the galloping of Horſe; who was't came by?
Seat. A Meſſenger from the *Engliſh* Court, who
Brings word *Macduff* is fled to *England.*
Macb. Fled to *England*?
Seat. Ay, my Lord.
Macb. Time thou Anticipat'ſt all my Deſigns;
Our purpoſes ſeldom ſucceed, unleſs
Our Deeds go with them.
My thoughts ſhall henceforth into Actions riſe,
The Witches made me cruel, but not wiſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Macduffe's *Wife, and* Lenox.

La. Macd. I then was frighted with the ſad alarm
Of *Banquo's* Death, when I did counſel him
To fly, but now alas! I muſt repent it,
What had he done to leave the Land? *Macbeth*
Did know him innocent.
Len. You muſt have patience, Madam.
La. Macd. He had none.
His flight was madneſs. When our Actions do not,

Our

Our fears oft make us Traytors.

Len. You know not whether it was his Wiſdom or his Fear.

La. Macd. Wiſdom? to leave his Wife and Children in a place
From whence himſelf did fly; he loves us not.
He wants the natural touch: For the poor *Wren*
(The moſt diminutive of Birds) will with
The Ravenous *Owle*, fight ſtoutly for her young ones.

Len. Your Husband, Madam;
Is Noble, Wiſe, Judicious, and beſt knows
The fits o'th' Seaſon. I dare not ſpeak much further,
But cruel are the Times; when we are Traytors,
And do not know our ſelves: when we hold Rumor,
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent Sea.
Each way, and more, I take my way of you:
'T ſhall not be long but I'le be here again.
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upwards
To what they were before. Heaven protect you.

La. Macd. Farewell, Sir.

Enter a Woman.

Wom. Madam, a Gentleman in haſte deſires
To ſpeak with you.

La. Macd. A Gentleman, admit him. [*Enter* Seyton.

Seyton. Though I have not the honour to be known
To you, yet I was well acquainted with
The Lord *Macduff* which brings me here to tell you
There's danger near you, be not found here,
Fly with your little one. Heaven preſerve you,
I dare ſtay no longer. [*Exit* Seyton.

La. Macd. Where ſhall I go, and wither ſhall I fly?
I've done no harm; but I remember now
I'm in a vicious world, where to do harm
Is often proſperous, and to do good
Accounted dangerous folly. Why do I then
Make uſe of this ſo womanly defence?
I'll boldly in, and dare this new Alarm:
What need they fear whom Innocence doth arm? [*Exit.*

Enter Malcolm, *and* Macduff.
The Scene Birnam *Wood.*

Macd. In theſe cloſe ſhades of *Birnam* Wood let us

Weep our ſad Boſoms empty.

Malcolm. You'l think my Fortunes deſperate,
That I dare meet you here upon your ſummons.

Macd. You ſhould now
Take Arms to ſerve your Countrey. Each new day
New Widows mourn, new Orphans cry, and ſtill
Changes of ſorrow reach attentive Heaven.

Malc. This Tyrant whoſe foul Name bliſters our Tongues,
Was once thought honeſt. You have lov'd him well.
He has not toucht you yet.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Malc. But *Macbeth* is,
And yet *Macduff* may be what I did always think him,
Juſt, and good.

Macd. I've loſt my hopes.

Malc. Perhaps even there where I did find my doubts;
But let not Jealouſies be your Diſhonours,
But my own ſafeties.

Macd. Bleed, Bleed, poor Countrey.
Great Tyranny, lay thy Foundation ſure,
Villains are ſafe when good men are ſuſpected.
I'le ſay no more. Fare thee well young Prince,
I would not be that Traytor which thou think'ſt me
For twice *Macbeth's* reward of Treachery.

Malc. Be not offended:
I ſpeak not as in abſolute fear of you:
I think our Country ſinks beneath the Yoak,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds. I think withal
That many hands would in my Cauſe be active.
And here from gracious *England* have I offer
Of goodly Thouſands. But for all this,
When I ſhall tread upon the Tyrants head,
Or wear it on my Sword; yet my poor Country
Will ſuffer under greater Tyranny
Than what it ſuffers now.

Macd. It cannot be.

Malc. Alas, I find my Nature ſo inclin'd
To Vice, that foul *Macbeth* when I ſhall rule,
Will ſeem as white as Snow.

Macd. There

Macd. There cannot in all ranſackt Hell be found
A Devil equal to *Macbeth.*
Malc. I grant him bloody, falſe, deceitful, malicious,
And participating in ſome ſins too horrid to name;
But there's no bottom, no depths in my ill appetite,
If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak?
Macd. O *Scotland*, *Scotland*, when ſhalt thou ſee day again?
Since that the trueſt Iſſue of thy Throne,
Diſclaims his Virtue to avoid the Crown?
Your Royal Father
Was a moſt Saint-like King; the Queen that bore you,
Oftner upon her Knees, than on her Feet,
Dy'd every day ſhe liv'd. Fare thee well,
Theſe evils thou repeat's upon thy ſelf,
Hath baniſht me from *Scotland.* O my breaſt!
Thy hope ends here.
Malc. Macduff this Noble Paſſion,
Child of Integrity, hath from my Soul
Wip'd the black ſcruples, reconcil'd my Thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. *Macbeth*
By many of theſe Trains hath ſought to win me
Into his Power: and modeſt wiſdom plucks me
From over-credulous haſte. But now
I put my ſelf to thy direction, and
Unſpeak mine own Detraction. I abjure
The taunts and blames I laid upon my ſelf,
For ſtrangers to my Nature. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor Countreys to command.
The gracious *Edward* has lent us *Seymour*,
And ten thouſand Men. Why are you ſilent?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
Are ſubjects for my Wonder, not my Speech,
My grief and joy conteſting in my boſom,
I find that I can ſcarce my tongue command,
When two Streams meet the Water's at a ſtand.
Malc. Aſſiſtance granted by that pious King
Muſt be ſucceſsful, he who by his touch,
Can cure our Bodies of a foul Diſeaſe,
Can by juſt force ſubdue a Traitors Mind,
Power ſupernatural is unconfin'd.

Macd. If his Compaſſion does on men Diſeas'd
Effect ſuch Cures; what Wonders will he do,
When to Compaſſion he adds Juſtice too? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Macbeth *and* Seaton.

Macb. Seaton, go bid the Army March.

Seat. The poſture of Affairs requires your Preſence.

Macb. But the Indiſpoſition of my Wife
Detains me here.

Seat. Th' Enemy is upon our borders, *Scotland*'s in danger.

Macb. So is my Wife, and I am doubly ſo.
I am ſick in her, and my Kingdom too.
Seaton.

Seat. Sir.

Macb. The ſpur of my Ambition prompts me to go
And make my Kingdom ſafe, but Love which ſoftens me
To pity her in her diſtreſs, curbs my Reſolves.

Seat. He's ſtrangely diſorder'd.

Macb. Yet why ſhould Love ſince confin'd, deſire
To controul Ambition, for whoſe ſpreading hopes
The world's too narrow, it ſhall not; great Fires
Put out the leſs; *Seaton* go bid my Grooms
Make ready; I'le not delay my going.

Seat. I go.

Macb. Stay *Seaton*, ſtay, Compaſſion calls me back.

Seat. He looks and moves diſorderly.

Macb. I'll not go yet. [*Enter a Servant, who*

Seat. Well Sir. *whiſphers* Macbeth.

Macb. Is the Queen aſleep?

Seat. What makes 'em whiſper and his countenance change?
Perhaps ſome new deſign has had ill ſucceſs.

Macb. Seaton, go ſee what poſture our affairs are in.

Seat. I ſhall, and give you notice Sir. [*Exit* Seat.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Macb. How does my gentle Love?

La. Macb. Duncan is dead.

Macb. No words of that.

La. Macb. And yet to me he lives.
His fatal Ghoſt is now my ſhadow, and purſues me
Where e're I go.

Macb. It cannot be, my Dear,

Your

Your Fears have miſ-inform'd your eyes.
La. Macb. See there; Believe your own.
Why do you follow me? I did not do it.
Macb. Methinks there's nothing.
La. Macb. If you have valour force him hence.
Hold, hold, he's gone. Now you look ſtrangely.
Macb. 'Tis the ſtrange error of your eyes.
La. Macb. But the ſtrange error of my eyes
Proceeds from the ſtrange action of your Hands.
Diſtraction does by fits poſſeſs my head,
Becauſe a Crown unjuſtly covers it.
I ſtand ſo high that I am giddy grown.
A Miſt does cover me, as Clouds the tops
Of Hills. Let us get down apace.
Macb. If by your high aſcent you giddy grow,
'Tis when you caſt your eyes on things below.
La. Macb. You may in peace reſign the ill gain'd Crown.
Why ſhould you labour ſtill to be unjuſt?
There has been too much blood already ſpilt.
Make not the Subjects Victims to your guilt.
Macb. Can you think that a Crime, which you did once
Provoke me to commit? Had not your breath
Blown my Ambition up into a Flame
Duncan had yet been living.
La. Macb. You were a man,
And by the Charter of your Sex you ſhou'd
Have govern'd me, there was more crime in you
When you obey'd my Councels, then I contracted
By my giving it. Reſign your Kingdom now,
And with your Crown put off your guilt.
Macb. Reſign the Crown, and with it both our Lives,
I muſt have better Counſellors.
La. Macb. What, your Witches?
Curſe on your Meſſengers of Hell. Their breath
Infected firſt my Breaſt: See me no more.
As King your Crown ſits heavy on your Head,
But heavier on my heart: I have had too much
Of Kings already. See the Ghoſt again. [*Ghoſt appears.*
Macb. Now ſhe relapſes.
La. Macb. Speak to him if thou canſt.

Thou

Thou look'ſt on me, and ſhew'ſt thy wounded breaſt.
Shew it the Murderer.

Macb. Within there, Ho. [*Enter Women.*

La. Macb. Am I t'ane Priſoner? then the Battle's loſt. [*Exit.*

[*Lady* Macbeth *led out by Women.*

Macb. She does from *Duncan*'s death to ſickneſs grieve,
And ſhall from *Malcolm*'s death her health receive.
When by a Viper bitten, nothings good
To cure the Venom but a Viper's blood.

Enter Malcom, Macduff, *and* Lenox *meeting them.*

Macd. See who comes here!

Malc. My Countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever Gentle Couſin! welcome.

Malc. I know him now.
Kind Heaven remove the means that makes us ſtrangers.

Len. Amen.

Macd. What looks does *Scotland* bear?

Len. Alas poor Country, almoſt afraid to know it ſelf.
It can't be call'd our Mother; but our Grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing is once ſeen to ſmile;
Where ſighs, and groans, and ſhrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd, where violent ſorrow ſeems
A modeen Extaſie: there Bells
Are always ringing, and no man asks for whom;
There good mens lives expire e're they ſicken.

Macd. Oh Relation! too nice, and yet too true.

Malc. What's the neweſt grief?

Len. That of an hours age is out of date,
Each minute brings a new one.

Macb. How does my Wife?

Len. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Len. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant has not quarrel'd at their peace?

Len. No, they were well at peace when I left 'em.

Macd. Be not ſo ſparing of your ſpeech. How goes't?

Len. When I came hither to tranſport the tidings,
Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy Men that roſe into a head,
Which was to my Belief; witneſs the rather,

For

For that I ſaw the Tyrants Power a foot.
Now, is the time of help; your eye in *Scotland*
Would create Souldiers, and make women fight.
Malc. Be't their Comfort,
We are coming thither: Gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Seymour*, and ten thouſand men.
Len. Wou'd I cou'd anſwer this comfort with the like;
But I have words,
That would be utter'd in the deſart air,
Where no mans ear ſhould hear 'em.
Macd. What concern they? the general cauſe,
Or is't a grief due to ſome ſingle breaſt?
Len. All honeſt minds muſt ſhare in't;
But the main part pertains to you.
Macd. If it be mine, keep it not from me.
Len. Let not your ears condemn my tongue for ever,
When they ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt ſound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. At once I gueſs, yet am afraid to know.
Len. Your Caſtle is ſurpriz'd, your Wife and Children
Savagely murdered: to relate the manner,
Were to increaſe the butchery of them,
By adding to their fall the death of you.
Malc. Merciful heaven! Noble *Macduff*
Give ſorrow words; the grief that does not ſpeak,
Whiſpers the o're-charg'd heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My Children too?
Len. Your Wife, and both your Children.
Macd. And I not with them dead? Both, both my Children
Did you ſay; my Two?
Len. I have ſaid.
Malc. Be comforted;
Let's make us Cordials of our great Revenges,
To cure this deadly Grief.
Macd. He has no Children, nor can he feel
A fathers Grief: Did you ſay all my Children?
Oh helliſh ravenous Kite! all three at one ſwoop!
Malc. Diſpute it like a man.
Macd. I ſhall.
But I muſt firſt too feel it as a man.

I can-

I cannot but remember ſuch things were,
And were moſt precious to me: Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? ſinful *Macduff*,
They were all ſtruck for thee; for thee they fell:
Not for their own offences; but for thine.

Malc. Let this give Edges to our Swords; let your tears
Become Oyl to our kindled Rage.

Macd. Oh I could play the Woman with my eyes,
And brag on't with my tongue; kind Heavens bring this
Dire Friend of *Scotland*, and my ſelf face to face,
And ſet him within the reach of my keen Sword.
And if he out-lives that hour, may Heaven forgive
His ſins, and puniſh me for his eſcape.

Malc. Let's haſten to the Army, ſince *Macbeth*
Is ripe for fall.

Macd. Heaven give our quarrel but as good ſucceſs
As it hath Juſtice in't: Kind Powers above
Grant peace to us, whilſt we take his away;
The Night is long that never finds a Day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Seaton, *and a Lady.*

Lady. I Have ſeen her riſe from her bed, throw
Her Night-Gown on her, unlock her Cloſet,
Take forth Paper, fold it, write upon't, read it,
Afterwards Seal it, and again return to Bed,
Yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.

Seat. 'Tis ſtrange ſhe ſhould receive the Benefit
Of ſleep, and do the Effects of waking.
In this diſorder what at any time have
You heard her ſay?

Lady. That, Sir, which I will not report of her.

Seat. You may to me; and 'tis moſt meet you ſhou'd.

Lady. Neither to You, nor any one living;
Having no witneſs to confirm my Speech.

Enter

Enter Lady Macbeth.

See here ſhe comes: obſerve her, and ſtand cloſe.

Seat. You ſee her eyes are open.

Lady. Ay, but her Senſe is ſhut.

Seat. What is't ſhe does now? Look how ſhe rubs her hands:

Lady. It is an accuſtom'd action with her to ſeem
Thus waſhing her hands: I have known
Her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

La. Macb. Yet out, out, here's a ſpot.

Seat. Hearк, ſhe ſpeaks.

La. Macb. Out, out, out I ſay. One, two: Nay then
'Tis time to do't: Fie, my Lord, fy, a Souldier,
And affraid? What need we fear? Who knows it?
There's none dares call our Power to account:
Yet who would have thought the old Man had
So much Bloud in him.

Seat. Do you mark that?

La. Macb. Macduff had once a Wife; where is ſhe now?
Will theſe hands ne're be clean? Fie, my Lord,
You ſpoil all with this ſtarting: Yet here's
A ſmell of bloud; not all the perfumes of *Arabia*
Will ſweeten this little Hand. Oh, oh, oh. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Donalbain *and* Flean, *met by* Lenox.

Len. Is not that *Donalbain* and young *Flean*, *Banqno*'s Son?

Don. Who is this my worthy Friend?

Len. I by your preſence feel my hopes full blown,
Which hitherto have been but in the Bud.
What happy Gale has brought you here to ſee
Your Fathers Death Reveng'd?

Don. Hearing of Aid ſent by the *Engliſh* King,
To check the Tyrants Inſolence; I am come
From *Ireland:*

Flea. And I from *France*, we are but newly met.

Don. Where's my Brother?

Len. He and the good *Macduff* are with the Army
Behind the Wood.

Don. What do's the Tyrant now?

Len. He ſtrongly Fortifies in *Dunſinane*;
Some ſay he is Mad, others, who love him leſs,

Call it a Valiant Fury; but what e're
The matter is, there is a Civil War
Within his Bosom; and he finds his Crown
Sit looſe about him: His Power grows leſs,
His Fear grows greater ſtill.

Don. Let's haſte and meet my Brother,
My Intereſt is grafted into his,
And cannot grow without it.

Len. So may you both out-grow unlucky Chance,
And may the Tyrant's Fall that Growth Advance. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Macbeth, Seat. *and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more Reports: Let 'em fly all
Till *Byrnam* Wood remove to *Dunſinane*
I cannot fear. What's the Boy *Malcolme*? What
Are all the *Engliſh*? Are they not of Women
Born? And t'all ſuch I am invincible;
Then fly falſe *Thanes*,
By your Revolt you have inflam'd my Rage,
And now have borrowed *Engliſh* bloud to quench it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Now Friend, what means thy change of Countenance?

Meſſ. There are Ten Thouſand, Sir.

Macb. What, Ghoſts?

Meſſ. No, Armed men.

Macb. But ſuch as ſhall be Ghoſts e're it be Night,
Art thou turn'd Coward too, ſince I made thee Captain?
Go Bluſh away thy Paleneſs, I am ſure
Thy Hands are of another Colour; thou haſt Hands
Of Bloud, but Looks of Milk.

Meſſ. The *Engliſh* Force ſo pleaſe you——

Macb. Take thy Face hence.
He has Infected me with Fear;
I am ſure to die by none of Woman born.
And yet the *Engliſh* Drums beat an Alarm,
As fatal to my Life as are the Crokes
Of *Ravens*, when they flutter about the Windows
Of departing men.
My hopes are great, and yet methinks I fear;
My Subjects cry out Curſes on my Name,

Which

Which like a North-wind ſeems to blaſt my Hopes.
Seat. That Wind is a contagious Vapour exhal'd from Bloud.
Enter Second Meſſenger.
What news more?
2 *Meſſ.* All's confirm'd, my Liege, that was Reported.
Macb. And my Reſolves in ſpite of Fate ſhall be as firmly.
Send out my more Horſe; and Scour the Country round.
How do's my Wife?
Seat. Not ſo ſick, my Lord, as ſhe is troubled
With diſturbing Fancies, that keep her from her reſt.
Macb. And I, methinks, am ſick of her Diſeaſe:
Seaton ſend out; Captain, the *Thanes* flie from thee:
Wou'd ſhe were well, I'de quickly win the Field.
Stay *Seaton*, Stay, I'll bear you company,
The *Engliſh* cannot long maintain the Fight;
They come not here to Kill, but to be Slain;
Send out our Scouts.
Seat. Sir, I am gone. [*Aſide.*
Not to obey your Orders, but the Call of Juſtice.
I'll to the *Engliſh* Train whoſe Hopes are built
Upon their Cauſe, and not on Witches Propheſies. [*Exit.*
Macb. Poor *Thanes*, you vainly hope for Victory:
You'l find *Macbeth* Invincible; or if
He can be o'recome, it muſt be then
By *Birnam Oaks*, and not by Engliſh-men. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Malcolm, Donalbain, Seymor, Macduff, Lenox, Flean, *Souldiers.*
Malc. The Sun ſhall ſee us Drain the Tyrants Blood
And Dry up *Scotlands* Tears: How much we are
Oblig'd to *England*, which like a kind Neighbour
Lifts us up when we were Faln below
Our own Recovery.
Seym. What Wood is this before us?
Malc. The Wood of *Birnam.*
Seym. Let every Souldier hew him down a Bough,
And bear't before him: By that we may
Keep the Number of our Force undiſcover'd
By the Enemy.
Malc. It ſhall be done. We Learn no more than that

The Confident Tyrant keeps ſtill in *Dunſinane*,
And will endure a Siege.
He is of late grown Conſcious of his Guilt,
Which makes him make that City his Place of Refuge.
Macd. He'll find even there but little Safety;
His very Subjects will againſt him Riſe.
So Travellers flie to an Aged Barn
For Shelter from the Rain; when the next Shock
Of Wind throws down that Roof upon their Heads,
From which they hop'd for Succour.
Len. The wretched Kernes which now, like Boughs, are ty'd
To forc'd Obedience; will, when our Swords
Have cut thoſe Bonds, ſtart from Obedience.
Malc. May the Event make good our Gueſs:
Macd. It muſt, unleſs our Reſolutions fail
They'l kindle, Sir, their juſt Revenge at ours:
Which double Flame will ſinge the Wings of all
The Tyrants hopes; depriv'd of thoſe Supports,
He'll quickly Fall.
Seym. Let's all retire to our Commands; our Breath
Spent in Diſcourſe does but defer his Death,
And but delays our Vengeance.
Macd. Come let's go;
The ſwifteſt haſte is for Revenge too ſlow, [*Exeunt.*

Enter Macbeth, *and Souldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our Banners proudly o're the Wall,
The Cry is ſtill, they Come: Our Caſtles Strength
Will laugh a Siege to Scorn: Here let them lie
Till Famine eat them up: Had *Seaton* ſtill
Been ours, and others who now Increaſe the Number
Of our Enemies, we might have met em
Face to Face. [*Noiſe within.*
What Noiſe is that?
Ser. It ſeems the Cry of Women.
Macb. I have almoſt forgot the Taſte of Fears,
The time has been that Dangers have been my Familiars.
Wherefore was that Cry?
Ser. Great Sir, the Queen is Dead.
Macb. She ſhould have Di'd hereafter,
I brought Her here, to ſee my Victimes, not to Die.

To

To Morrow, to Morrow, and to Morrow,
Creeps in a ſtealing pace from Day to Day,
To the laſt Minute of Recorded Time:
And all our Yeſterdays have lighted Fools
To their Eternal Homes: Out, out that Candle,
Life's but a Walking Shadow, a poor Player
That Struts and Frets his hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of Sound and Fury
Signifying Nothing. [*Enter a Meſſenger.*
Thou comeſt to uſe thy Tongue: Thy Story quickly.
Meſſ. Let my Eyes ſpeak what they have ſeen,
For my Tongue cannot.
Macb. Thy Eyes ſpeak Terror, let thy Tongue expound
Their Language, or be for ever Dumb.
Meſſ. As I did ſtand my Watch upon the Hill,
I lookt toward *Birnam*, and anon me thoughts
The Wood began to move.
Macb. Lyar and Slave.
Meſſ. Let me endure your Wrath if't be not ſo:
Within this three Mile may you ſee it coming.
I ſay, a moving Grove.
Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt Falſe, I'll ſend thy Soul
To th' other World to meet with moving Woods,
And walking Forreſts;
There to Poſſeſs what it but Dreamt of here.
If thy Speech be true, I care not if thou doeſt
The ſame for me. I now begin
To doubt the Equivocation of the Fiend,
They bid me not to fear till *Birnam* Wood
Should come to *Dunſinane*: And now a Wood
Is on its March this way; Arm, Arm.
Since thus a Wood do's in a March appear,
There is no Flying hence, nor Tarrying here:
Methinks I now grow weary of the Sun,
And wiſh the Worlds great Glaſs of Life were run. *Exeunt.*

SCENE. VI.

Enter *Malcolme*, *Seymour*, *Macduff*, *Lenox*, *Flean*, *Seaton*, *Donalbain*, and their Army with Boughs.

Malc. Here we are near enough; throw down
Your Leafie Skreens
And ſhew like thoſe you are. You, worthy Uncle,
Shall with my Brother and the Noble *Lenox*,
March in the Van, whilſt Valiant *Seymour*
And my ſelf, make up the Groſs of the Army,
And follow you with ſpeed.

Sey-

Sey. Fare well; the Monſter has forſook his hold and comes
To offer Battle.

Macd. Let him come on; his Title now
Sits Looſe about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a Dwarfiſh Thief.

Enter *Macbeth.*

Macb. 'This too Ignoble, and too baſe to Flie;
Who's he that is not of a Woman Born,
For ſuch a one I am to fear, or none.

Enter *Lenox.*

Len. Kind Heaven, I thank thee; have I found thee here:
Oh *Scotland*! *Scotland*! mayſt thou owe thy juſt
Revenge to this ſharp Sword, or this bleſt Minute.

Macb. Retire fond Man, I wou'd not Kill thee.
Why ſhould *Faulcons* prey on Flies?
It is below *Macbeth* to Fight with Men.

Len. But not to Murder Women.

Macb. *Lenox*, I pitty thee, thy Arm's too weak.

Len. This Arm has hitherto found good Succeſs
On your Miniſters of Blood, who Murder'd
Macduffs Lady, and brave *Banquo*:
Art thou leſs Mortal then they were? Or more
Exempt from Puniſhment? Becauſe thou moſt
Deſerv'ſt it. Have at thy Life.

Macb. Since then thou art in Love with Death, I will
Vouchſafe it thee. [*They fight, Lenox falls.*
Thou art of Woman Born, I'm ſure. [*Exit Macb.*

Len. Oh my dear Country, Pardon me that I
Do in a cauſe ſo great, ſo quickly Die. [*Dies.*

Enter *Macduff.*

Macd. This way the Noiſe is, Tyrant ſhew thy Face,
If thou be'ſt Slain, and by no hand of Mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghoſts will hunt me for't.
I cannot Strike
At wretched Slaves, who ſell their Lives for Pay;
No, my Revenge ſhall ſeek a Nobler Prey.
Through all the Paths of Death, I'l ſearch him out:
Let me but find him, *Fortune.* [*Exit.*

Enter *Malcolm*, and *Seymor.*

Sey. This way, Great Sir, the Tyrants People Fight
With Fear as great as is his Guilt.

Malc. See who Lies here; the Noble *Lenox* ſlain,
What Storm has brought this Blood over our
Riſing hopes.

Sey. Reſtrain your Paſſion, Sir, let's to our Men,
Thoſe who in Noble Cauſes fall, deſerve

Our

Our Pitty, not our Sorrow.
I'le bid ſome Body bear the Body further hence. [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Macbeth.*

Macb. Why ſhould I play the *Roman* Fool and Fall,
On my own Sword, while I have living Foes
To Conquer? my Wounds ſhew better upon them.

Enter *Macduff.*

Macd. Turn Hell-Hound, Turn.
Macb. Of all men elſe, I have avoided Thee;
But get thee back, my Soul is too much clog'd
With Blood of thine already.
Macd. I'le have no Words, thy Villanies are worſe
Then ever yet were puniſht with a Curſe.
Macb. Thou mayſt as well attempt to Wound the Air,
As me; my Deſtiny's reſerv'd for ſome Immortal Power,
And I muſt fall by Miracle; I cannot Bleed.
Macd. Have thy black Deeds then turn'd thee to a Devil?
Macb. Thou wouldſt but ſhare the Fate of *Lenox.*
Macd. Is *Lenox* ſlain? and by a Hand that would Damn all it kills,
But that their Cauſe preſerves 'em.
Macb. I have a Prophecy ſecures my Life.
Macd. I have another which tells me I ſhall have his Blood,
Who firſt ſhed mine.
Macb. None of Woman born can ſpill my Blood.
Macd. Then let the Devils tell thee, *Macduff*
Was from his Mothers Womb untimely Ript.
Macb. Curſt be that tongue that tells me ſo,
And double Damn'd be they who with a double ſence
Make Promiſes to our Ears, and Break at laſt
That Promiſe to our ſight: I will not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yeild thy ſelf a Priſoner to be led about.
The World, and Gaz'd on as a Monſter, a Monſter
More Deform'd then ever Ambition Fram'd,
Or Tyranny could ſhape.
Macb. I ſcorn to Yield. I will, in ſpite of Enchantment,
Fight with thee, though *Birnam* Wood be come
To *Dunſinane*:
And thou art of no Woman Born, I'le try, { *They Fight, Macbeth*
If by a Man it be thy Fate to Die. { *falls. They ſhout within.*
Macd. This for my Royal Maſter *Duncan*,
This for my deareſt Friend my Wife,
This for thoſe Pledges of our Loves, my Children.
Hark I hear a Noiſe, ſure there are more [*Shout within.*
Reſerves to Conquer.
I'le as a Trophy bear away his Sword,
To witneſs my Revenge. [*Exit Macduff.*

Macb.

Macb. Farewel vain World, and what's moſt vain in thy Ambition.
Dies.

Enter *Malcolme*, *Seymour*, *Donalbain*, *Flean*, *Seaton*, and Others.

Malc. I wiſh *Macduff* were ſafe Arriv'd, I am
In doubt for him; for *Lenox* I'me in grief.

Seym. Conſider *Lenox*, Sir, is nobly Slain:
They who in Noble Cauſes fall, deſerve
Our Pity, not our Sorrow. Look where the Tyrant is.

Seat. The witches, Sir, with all the Power of Hell,
Could not preſerve him from the Hand of Heaven.

Enter *Macduff* with *Macbeths* Sword.

Macd. Long Live *Malcolme*, King of *Scotland*, ſo you are;
And though I ſhould not Boaſt, that one
Whom Guilt might eaſily weigh down, fell
By my Hand, yet here I preſent you with
The Tyrants Sword, to ſhew that Heaven appointed
Me to take Revenge for you, and all
That Suffered by his Power.

Malc. *Macduff*, we have more Ancient Records
Then this of your ſucceſsful Courage.

Macd. Now, *Scotland*, thou ſhalt ſee bright Day again,
That Cloud's remov'd that did Eclipſe thy Sun,
And Rain down Blood upon thee. As your Arms
Did all contribute to this Victory;
So let your Voices all concur to give
One joyful Acclamation.
Long live Malcolme, King of Scotland.

Malc. We ſhall not make a large Expence of time
Before we Reckon with your ſeveral Loves,
And make us even with you. *Thanes* and Kinſman,
Henceforth be Earls, the firſt that ever *Scotland*
Saw Honour'd with that Title: And may they ſtill Flouriſh
On your Families; though like the Laurels
You have Won to Day, they Spring from a Field of Blood.
Drag his body hence, and let it Hang upon
A Pinnacle in *Dunſinane*, to ſhew
To future Ages what to thoſe is due,
Who others Right, by Lawleſs Power purſue.

Macd. So may kind Fortune Crown your Raign with Peace,
As it has Crown'd your Armies with Succeſs;
And may the Peoples Prayers ſtill wait on you,
As all their Curſes did *Macbeth* purſue:
His Vice ſhall make your Virtue ſhine more Bright,
As a Fair Day ſucceeds a Stormy Night.

FINIS Actus V.